The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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The Independent.

YOSEMITE.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Cast is my Temple! open flung
Are all its sculptured doors:
Its warning bells are hourly rung,
Its holy anthems ceaseless sung,
And o'er its grassy floors
Reverent I walk and let my prayers
Waft upward with its evening airs!

All the morning we had been riding from Clark's toward the Yosemite Valley, through the dense pine forests, whose cones were strewn at our feet; over ridges from the summit of which we looked abroad upon a world of wooded mountains, darkly green; across small grassy meadows, set like gems amid the encircling pines; fording brooks bordered with azaleas and mock-orange trees in full bloom, and thick set with forget-me-nots; past Empire Camp, where are folds for sheep and huts for shepherds, and where, only the day before, a huge grizzly bear had been seen by an early traveler; stopping to lunch under the tamaracks of Alder Creek, and refreshing ourselves with its ice-cold water, startling the mountain quail from her covert, and hearing the soft peep of her tiny young as they hid under the leaves.

At length we came out upon a high point, where we saw a wall of cliffs rising before us in the near distance, while between us and them there was a strange void, as if earth were not and the sky dipped down between rock and tree.

"This is Inspiration Point," said the guide. "Leave the horses here, if you please, and take a view from the rock yonder."

Advancing cautiously to the brow of the cliff, we looked sheer down and beheld the wondrous Valley, almost a perpendicular mile below us, with its stupendous precipices, over which the waterfalls rolled and roared, and its level green floor, where like a silver thread the Merced glided calmly, as if its waters had never known the foam of the rapids or the plunge of the cataract, while beyond rose the domes and the loftier hights of the Sierra. It was such a view as the eagle would have, poised in the blue above the abyss; but for us who had no wings to span the bridge of air there was something awful in its grandeur. Faint and dizzy, we clung to the earth, and saw written in the shadowy lines on the face of Jehovah Rock, towering before us, "How dreadful is this place! It is none other but the Valley of God, and this is the gate thereof!"

I did not care to go down. It seemed a domain quite apart from warm, palpitating human life; and, if I had had my will at the moment, I should have turned back on the mountain path over which we had come. There were five miles of tortuous descent before we could reach the bottom of the Valley, and five further to the hotel. Remounting our horses, we took the trail again, and, entering the forest as before, beguiled our wearisome, winding way with talk of the miraculous scene.

The Yosemite Valley is in the heart of California and the Sierra. It was discovered in 1851, by a party of Californians, who were in pursuit of a band of marauding Indians. Led by a friendly chief, Tenaya, they pushed on till they reached their boasted stronghold in the mountains, which was Yosemite—Grizzly Bear—Valley. The Indians were speedily overcome, and the Valley, appropriated by the whites, was at once made known to fame. On account of its unique and wonderful beauty, Congress, in 1864, granted it to the State of California for a pleasure-ground forever, on condition that it should be preserved, unchanged, for the admiration of the world. The State Geological Survey makes the floor of the Valley four thousand feet above the sea, six miles in length, from a half mile to a mile in breadth, and a mile below the level of the surrounding country. Its peculiarities are the great hight of its vertical walls, the small amount of debris at their base, and the fact that, unlike ordinary fissures and ravines, the opposing cliffs have no correspondence in form; showing that the range was not merely torn asunder here, but that the enormous mass which once filled the valley was at some period broken off, let down, and swallowed up in the gulf below. There are over eleven hundred acres of land in the Valley, more than half meadow, the rest sandy soil and forest trees. Tall oaks and pines grow here, poplars, willows, alders, laurels, but not the gigantic *Sequoias*. They would stifle between these walls.

There should be a hotel at Inspiration Point; not only because it affords the grandest single view of the Valley, but because the twenty-five continuous miles from Clark's make a toil of pleasure. I was never conscious of such overpowering fatigue as during the last few miles of the way. I knew we had entered the Valley, were riding under the shadow of its cliffs and to the music of its waters; but sight and sound were dead for the time, and it was only after long hours of unbroken rest that life and delight came back to heart and eye.

Then I went forth, and not only knew but felt that we were in a mile-deep hollow among the hills. This consciousness became almost terror when in the afternoon a thunder-storm gathered over the mountains, and for half an hour before the rain fell the air had the sultry hush which is said to precede an earthquake, and twilight dimness brooded over cliff and river. It seemed as though at any moment the impending rocks might come crashing down or the green floor sink again and consign us to destruction. But the lightning flashed harmless along the Sierra, and serenity came back with the cloudless blue.

It was only after days of rambling and study and familiar approach that we came to know something of Yosemite. Its rock forms are so varied and the scene changes so with every turn that it is a perfect kaleidoscope of landscape. El Capitan, or Jehovah Rock—a name not sacrilegious to those who have seen it—is perhaps the most remarkable vertical rock in the world. Rising more than three thousand feet above the valley, its face fresh and smooth as if some sculptor's hand had wrought it, it seems a tablet whereon Sinai's law might have been written or the older record of the creation. Opposite is the shapely mass of Cathedral Rock, with its twin towers, like those of York or Canterbury. Further up, on the same side, Sentinel Rock cleaves the blue like the Needles of the Alps; and over against it is the long, regular wall down which Yosemite Creek leaps to join the Merced. Further still, and on either side of the Valley swell the solitary domes: the North Dome, symmetrical as if it crowned a Pantheon; the South Half Dome, nearly five thousand feet above the river, cleft vertically, with part of its circle gone, engulfed and lost ages ago in the mysterious depths of which this valley is but a sign. Then the space narrows and parts into three canyons, down the central one of which dashes the Merced, while at the right hand the Tenaya Fork comes swift and clear from Tenaya Lake, and at the left runs the Illilouette, the three uniting to form the Merced of the Valley and gliding almost without a current to the lower pass. These are only the more striking features of an assemblage of cliffs and peaks, colossal, stupendous, which make the proudest piles that man has raised—the Strasburg Minster, statued Milan, somber St. Isaacs, the lordly Escurial—seem poor and diminutive indeed. For into this cathedral of purplish gray stone the sunlight comes not through barred and painted windows, but filters down between boughs of oak and pine or falls in broad masses on the emerald floor; the mountain streams pour perpetual libations; beds of azaleas and wild roses exhale their odors as incense; the winds from the high Sierra wail down the canyons and warble and sigh through the forest, filling the vast nave with ceaseless anthems, and devout pilgrims find here both altar and confessional.

The Yosemite Fall is the most beautiful object I have ever seen in landscape. The highest fall in Europe is that of Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, twelve hundred feet sheer down, but so narrow that it is a mere line along the cliff. Perhaps the finest fall there is the Vöring Foss, in Norway, eight hundred and fifty feet in hight, but plunging into an abyss and seen only from above. The famous Staubbach, in the Valley of Lauterbrunnen, nine hundred feet high, is a tiny stream, dissolved in mist long before it reaches the ground. Yosemite, a creek thirty feet wide in June, leaps over the ledge fifteen hundred feet into a basin below, and there, whirling and seething, gathers its strength again and drops six hundred feet on to a shelving rock, and then four hundred to the bottom of the valley. This cascade, though so forceful and impetuous, is yet the plaything of the wind—swayed to and fro on the face of the cliff, its roar now borne earthward, filling the valley with mellow music, and now wafted away till it becomes a mere murmur in the air. I was never weary of watching it from the piazza of the rustic hotel opposite, under the shadow of Sentinel Rock. It was not just the land of the Lotos Eaters, where

"Like a downward smoke the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem";

but a scene of enchantment both soothing and stimulating to thought and sense, with its hurrying, delaying tide, always descending, but never vanishing away. Once, at midnight, when all the Valley slumbered, I stole out alone to see it by the light of the just-risen moon. In that dim atmosphere it seemed sliding from the sky. Not a breath was stirring; and through the solemn hush its gleaming silvery column shone ethereal, celestial, like the ladder on which angels ascended and descended in the vision of the patriarch of old. Suddenly the wind swept down the Valley; the trees groaned and tossed their boughs; black shadows played weirdly over rock and lawn; the voice of the Fall deepened to a thunder that shook the night with fear; space seemed filled with airy tongues that syllabled my name, and awe-stricken I fled to the security of my low-roofed room.

The Bridal Veil Fall, formed by a stream of water from the meadows near Empire Camp, is as high as the Staubbach and has a far greater volume of water. Nothing could be lovelier than its unbroken descent or more picturesque than the rocks and trees grouped about it.

The superb cataracts of the Merced—the Vernal and Nevada Falls—the first four hundred, the second six hundred feet in hight, with a half mile of foaming rapids between, are just above the Valley. The Vernal Fall is comparatively easy of access; but the Nevada hides itself in its far retreat, and before you can catch the first glimpse of its snowy torrent you must creep along the edge of the cliff, with the blinding spray of the Vernal Fall in your face and its tumult in your ears, and then climb two dizzy ladders hung over the edge of the precipice, like those the Orkney peasants scale in search of cider down. But its isolation piques you, and you resolve to see it, cost what it may. Above these falls there is always the soft splendor of rainbows, and the crags are piled about them in Titanic grandeur, Mount Broderick, like a giant of fairy land, keeping stern guard over the beauty of Nevada. Indeed, the views down the Merced Canyon would alone repay one a thousand fold for the difficulties of the ascent. There are several other falls here which would be renowned elsewhere—such streams as roar in Scottish glens or flash in the sun along Alpine cliffs, and which travelers go long miles to see and admire.

The only permanent inhabitants of the Valley are the two hotel-keepers, with their families, and a man who has a small farm for the raising of fruits and vegetables. The snows lie heavy here through the winter, and one can hardly imagine a more secluded abode. The houses are made of logs and laths fashioned by the hand alone; comfortable, but simple and plain in the extreme. In summer the few Indians that remain of the ancient tribe come here and camp for the season. Dull and inoffensive, the men employ themselves chiefly in fishing, and the women in gathering acorns and pounding them for bread, or with whatever other domestic drudgery there may be in their meager lives. They recline upon skins spread on the ground, their canopy is the sky, and if it rains their only refuge is a shelving rock or a thick-boughed tree.

No one need lament that this royal retreat has passed from their feeble sway; and yet they make an attractive group here, with their bronzed faces and coarse, heavy hair, strange relics of a bygone race and time.

See the Yosemite Valley, if you can. There is nothing like it on earth, unless its peer is yet to be discovered in the remote recesses of the Himalayas or among the mountains of equatorial Africa. But, after all, for sublimity, for inspiration, let me rather look up from Chamouni at the white brow of Mont Blanc, or from the Baalbec Valley at the long wall of Lebanon melting into the Syrian blue! Still, in neither should I find that dream of Paradise, the Yosemite Fall!

THE BIBLE IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

After a very earnest popular discussion of the subject among the Protestant and Catholic residents of Cincinnati, it is announced that the board of education have voted, twenty-two to fifteen, to omit the reading of the Bible in the public schools of that city. Of those who voted in the negative, we are told, thirteen were Protestants, one Free Thinker, one Jew. In the affirmative were three Protestants, ten Catholics, eight Free Thinkers, and one Jew. The distinction, however, here made between Protestants and Free Thinkers is simply invidious; because the latter are necessarily Protestants, but of a more radical type than some others. The Romish Church recognizes no such line of division, she branding them all as equally heretical—Protestantism, as against her claim of infallibility, being simply free thinking; and no such line can be drawn by a Protestant hand without injury to the foundation upon which Protestantism itself stands. Correctly stated, the affirmative vote stood eleven Protestants, ten Catholics, one Jew—a very close and impartial representation of the professed religious faith and actual political strength of the parties thus designated, representing the population of Cincinnati in the aggregate.

It will be nothing strange if a great outcry shall follow this decision in various quarters, as though it were a dangerous concession to the Papal power and a malignant blow aimed at the religious instruction of the rising generation. Indeed, even before the event had occurred, the *Ohio Educational Monthly* held forth in the following excited manner: "A Christian people cannot make their schools Godless and Bibleless, because of differences of religious belief. . . . Write over our school-room doors 'No *admittance for God here*,' and the American school system fails in its highest and most important function." But history shows that every fresh assertion of the rights of conscience has invariably been attended by the cry of irreligion, and treated as downright impiety; whereas it has always been a gain for righteousness, and essential to all religious progress. Hence the poet Whittier says concerning for all timid and short-sighted, however sincere and devout, objectors to change in old customs, theological speculations, or ritual observances:

"The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone.

"Those wait their doom from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

"Take heart! the Master builds again,
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

"Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer; for I know
That where the shore is deepest driven
The best fruits grow."

Æsop tells us that, when the judge supposed that it was his own ox that had been gored, he was quite charmed with the ingenuousness of the farmer who stood before him; but, on being told that it was *his* bull that had gored the farmer's ox, he gravely replied that that materially altered the case. There is no eye-opener like having that done to us which we are unscrupulously doing to others. Retaliation is never agreeable to those upon whom it is inflicted. To do as we would be done by is the easiest method to settle all mooted questions as between ourselves and others. Suppose the Catholics in Cincinnati were to obtain control of the public schools in that city, and, rejecting our own version of the Scriptures, should enforce the reading of the Douay Bible, how long would the Protestant portion of the population submit to such an imposition? Would not a tremendous excitement follow, and a declaration go forth that the Protestant children should be withdrawn if the objectionable book were not? But the Catholics are probably almost as numerous as the Protestants in Cincinnati (the relative number is of no consequence), and they object to the reading of our Bible in the public schools to which their children go, just as earnestly and conscientiously as we should do in a reversal of the case. This admonishes that the enforced reading of neither the one nor the other version should be ordered or allowed, the school's being for secular purposes, and not for religious instruction. It further admonishes that persistency in thus disregarding opposing religious convictions is sure to produce bitterness, wrath, alienation, *to the extent of imperiling the whole school system*. After that shall have been broken down, neither despotism nor priestcraft will have anything to fear from our experiment of popular government. Instead, therefore, of exposing it to just reproach and fierce hostility for its one-sidedness, it behooves us to see that it is based on a foundation as broad as our whole population, so that none shall be left out except such as are self-excluded by their own bigotry or fanaticism.

A government claiming to be of the people, by the people, and for the people must make valid its claim by placing all the people on the same plane of natural and constitutional rights; thus inspiring them with a general concern for the public welfare and the stability of the Republic, while leaving them free to propagate their own religious and political views in their own way and by such instrumentalities as they may deem best.

By our national and state constitutions all the various sects stand on an equality; and whatever legislation seeks in any manner to make a proscriptive distinction between them is to that extent subversive of constitutional liberty as well as in disregard of the rights of conscience.

Our public school system is as the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat—that is, it includes all and is for the nourishment of all. Now, what is designed for the good of all and for the support of which all are impartially taxed, must not be accompanied by any extraneous usage inevitably tending to create heartburning and strife, especially in matters pertaining to conscience. Spelling, reading, writing, ciphering, and the like are the monopoly of no sect, conflict with no theological dogmas, and are indispensable in the work of education. To teach these is the special object of our public schools. Adhering to this object in good faith, we shall not fail to vitalize the blood of the body politic and add strength to all its members. Whoever or whatever shall then seek to create schism for ulterior purposes must be met and dealt with accordingly.

An injunction is said to have been granted by Judge Stover, of the Superior Court, restraining the board of education from carrying into execution their decision, on the alleged ground that the framers of the constitution, by declaring in that instrument religion to be essential to good government, have denied the right of the board to make the exclusion under consideration. This objection is only specious; for that clause in the constitution is merely an abstract proposition, without definition or limitation, to which both Protestants and Catholics agree, each party retaining their own views as to what religion is and how it is to be propagated. But it certainly does not mean that the stronger party shall override the weaker in regard to religious scruples in the acquisition of a common-school education.

As a matter of principle, may we not as reasonably insist that only the Protestant religion shall be tolerated in the land as that our Protestant Bible *shall* be read in the public schools; and that none but a Protestant shall fill any office in the gift of the people, from the president of the United States down to the town clerk, while taxing all others roundly for the support of the government?

We must adhere to what is fundamental in Protestantism in matters of faith—namely, the right of private judgment; or, in the formula of the Apostle Paul, "So, then, every one of us must give account of himself *unto God*"; or we must go back to Rome. There is no half-way stopping-place between. Any attempt at religious training by the state is the union of church and state; and that can never be sanctioned by a people who mean to be free.

It is no answer to say that the Catholics, if they can gain the power, will mould our public schools to further their own ends. Possibly; but this is to beg the question. One thing is clear—what they should not do we should not do; else we shall prove ourselves to be as unjust and proscriptive as themselves.

We can never protect the right so well as by never doing wrong.

Bigoted sectarism is ever ready to use the arm of secular power to authenticate its creed. True religion stands upon its own merits, and looks only to a Higher Power for defense. Its growth is in proportion to the largest liberty enjoyed by all classes for independent thought, conscientious conviction, and honest dissent! "The righteous are as bold as a lion, but the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

Let the Protestant and Douay versions of the Scriptures be each a household treasure to be cherished, an oracle to be consulted, according to the religious preference of those who claim to be equally concerned to know and do the will of God. Enough that such liberty is given to every man for himself. But this is not enough for the *Ohio Educational Monthly*, which says: "If the schools but recognize the Bible as *God's Holy Word* by reading it *as an act of worship*, its exposition may safely be left to the family and the church." The reply to this is (1.) that it is the Protestant version which is here referred to; and that it is the very root of bitterness in the present controversy! (2.) That it is not one of the objects for which common schools are established either to be oracularly told what book is sacred or for them to decide upon the sacredness of any book; it is beyond the competency of even the highest legislative assembly to pronounce any such decision, for it is a body chosen for no such purpose. (3.) To "recognize the Bible as "*God's Holy Word*" is a form of asseveration to which multitudes of enlightened and devout Protestants (including the entire body of the Religious Society of Friends) strongly object, believing that the "Word" is from everlasting to everlasting, and therefore not originating in any book nor dependent upon the fate of any parchment; at the same time finding in the volume so much that is precious, grand, and soul-inspiring as to place it, in their estimation, far above every other book. (4.) Reading the Bible cannot be made "an act of worship," though it may induce a worshipful state of mind; and, if one form of worship may be insisted upon, why may not any number of forms, according to the vote of the school committee or the inclination of the teacher? (5.) If the exposition of the Bible "may safely be left to the family and the church," why not the reading of it? Indeed, what does the exposition of it imply but the reading of it as an accompaniment? Leave, then, the reading, exposition, and circulation of the Bible to "the family and the church," and all ground for the present heated controversy will instantly be removed—a consummation most devoutly to be wished. But let state or municipal authority, or "board of education," insist on the reading of the Bible in the public schools, and they may as properly proceed to have it expositied, and finally circulated *ad libitum* at the public expense. This will not do.

The same journal says: "Banish from our schools the fear of the Lord, and moral instruction is impotent. Moral training must be based upon and vitalized by religion." By whose religion? by whose interpretation of religion? is the question; and that cannot be settled for the whole community by any supervisory authority. To say that "the fear of the Lord" will be banished from our schools by omitting to read from the Bible is an affront to reason, and carries with it a slanderous insinuation both as to parents and teachers; besides, confuting the previous admission of the writer as to the religious training which "may safely be left to the family and the church."

The removal of the Bible, in the present circumstances, will not be any indication of religious degeneracy, but rather of growth in popular enlightenment and the recognition of equal rights; and this constitutes the best condition for continued intellectual, moral, and religious advancement. Religion needs no artificial or conventional props.

If—this root of bitterness extracted—the Catholics, or any other sect, shall refuse to accept of the common schools for the instruction of their children, and proceed to establish separate schools to represent their sectarian spirit and purpose, they can do so; but they may not therefore be gratified by the overthrow of that impartial, beneficent system which must be inflexibly adhered to as essential to the general welfare, the support of free institutions, the life of the Republic. So men who do not choose to vote may stay away from the polls; but they may not arbitrarily insist that the people shall not be allowed to carry on the government, and cast their ballots to that end.

Our country is a magnet of such irresistible power as to draw to it, representatively, all the nations of the earth. The grand battle for religious and political rights is to be fought out, and the victory won, on the American soil, for the world; thus realizing Kossuth's idea of "the solidarity of nations"—*E pluribus unum*—and vindicating human brotherhood on the broadest scale. Let us see to it that our sublime experiment fail not through any grave departure from the standard of impartial freedom or any oppressive domination of the many over the few.

"If ever the free institutions of America are destroyed," says De Tocqueville, "that event may be attributed to the omnipotence of the majority, which may at some future time urge the minority to desperation, and oblige them to have recourse to physical force. Anarchy will then be the result; but it will have been brought about by despotism."

Yes, by DESPOTISM, not by LIBERTY. "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Built upon such a foundation, our free institutions will stand to the remotest ages, and all nations ultimately be won over to follow our resplendent example.

A GLIMPSE OF THE OCTOBER VOLKS' FEST IN MUNICH.

BY H. H.

One hundred thousand people on the Teresina meadows—horse-races—and the king himself to distribute the prizes. Were we not in luck, we Americans, to have come in time to see it? So we believed; and we went without dinner to be in season; and we paid many gulden for a carriage without a number on it, so as to be respectable enough to get near the king; and we were on the ground, beaming with enthusiasm, at one o'clock in the afternoon. It is not easy to dampen inexperienced sightseers, especially when a great German Volks' Fest is in question. Supposing there were to be only one thousand out of the hundred thousand who could see anything, would not we be at least the nine hundred and ninety-seventh, eighth, and ninth of that thousand? Of course, we would. "Drive on, drive on!" said we to our grand coachman in blue and red, with a cockade to his hat. Ah! but there is no driving on; no getting any nearer the blue-and-white tent, with a gilt crown at top of the central staff, under which the king is to stand. What does being respectable avail us? Here are lines of fir-trees and a rope; no going beyond them. Ahead of us, one solid row of carriages; no wedging another in. We fall into line, and in ten minutes being to be exultant that we are so much better off than other people; for in even less than ten minutes are formed two, three, and four lines of carriages behind the line in which ours stands. Then we look at our watches. Two hours and a half before the king comes. A missing seizes us! Cats might look at him any day; why should we wait so long? But there is the crowd to study; we shall not be weary. Far as our eyes can reach is a glittering sea of faces. Terraces are cut into steps, and the steps tight packed with people; two large wooden tribunes are filled with seats, these also are packed tight. One sees nowhere even a chink; it is a solid mosaic of colors. Besides the terraces and the tribunes are acres of meadow, gay with flags and fir-tree tops and festoons of green; and these acres are packed. High over all the great statue of Bavaria stretches out her arm, holding out a wreath. Never before did I realize the size of this giant creature. No, not when I climbed dizzily up a steep staircase into her head, and sat down behind her eyebrows, on bronze cushions, on which was room for five more people.

Yes, it is easy to believe that there are more than a hundred thousand people on the meadows; the predictions did not exaggerate. It is not wholly a gay sight; it is solemn. Oh, the precious human life that is here! What a voice, if they all spoke; what a power, if they all threw themselves in any one scale. What an unwritten history in any one beat of these hundred thousand hearts! What invisible battle! Who will win? God bless them all, these poor, struggling souls. One yearns over them more, realizes more their helplessness, seeing so many thousands together. How feels the king? Does he tremble with love and fear? It is a sight never to be forgotten.

"But where will the horses run, cocher?"

"Here in the open space, just in front of us."

"Open space!" Does he dare to mock us, this man of the cockade? No. By standing on the seat and stretching necks, we can see, in front of our horses' heads, between ten or twelve thousand men whose backs are toward us and twenty or thirty thousand more who face us, a little thread of black. That is the open space—that is a gap; there will the horses run; there will the king drive by. Now it began to be clear what our fate would be.

"I wish to go home immediately," said the most experienced member of our party. "Go home!" We laughed in her face. Carriages six rows deep, wedged tight behind the line in which we were; it was no more possible for us to move than for the left-hand bottom stone of St. Peter's to slip out by itself.

"Boom! boom! boom!" All the horses jump. Two-thirds of the women scream and spring up on their feet to make surer of being thrown out in case the horses really misbehave. The boom means "king." King in sight? Oh, no. King just starting for the grounds. The one hundred thousand faces all turn one way, and their necks make rustle as of a mighty wind in a forest. Nobody knows how long it will take the king to reach the meadows, and that was precisely the use of letting them know that he had started. Nobody can now stop straining their eyes, for fear they may lose sight of him.

Flash! Through the gap whirls a carriage; we see the tops of two heads, blue-and-white plumed. The king? No. Again and again whirled by the tops of heads, twos and twos. Oh, how our necks ached! At last the great rustle swept over the multitude, louder than before; then a cheer; then a band of one hundred and fifty pieces struck up the Russian Hymn; then more cheers—not very loud or hearty, we should say, if they had been given in America for a president; then four galloping horses, postillions in blue and silver, outriders in blue and silver; and between the postillions and outriders two more blue-and-white plumed heads, and one was the king's.

He did not lift his hat, he made no recognition of the cheers. Perhaps they were not loud enough; perhaps it is not kingly etiquette. In our ignorance we wondered.

A stir under the blue-and-white canopy, and we knew that the king had reached it. Now would the races begin? Not yet. First were to be given out the prizes for farm-horses and stallions, which were to be led up for the royal inspection. Those of the hundred thousand who had seats settled themselves to wait. The rest drifted about in great tides. If two tides met, there was a shock, a recoil, and then a great breaking up, as a wave breaks and scatters and is lost before reaching the beach. On foot in this tide one had a new sensation—not wholly agreeable, but well worth having. To be a one-hundred thousandth! What matter if one were trampled under foot? There would be ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine left, just as good and probably better.

Round and round we eddied, helpless as chips in the ocean, stranded first before one booth and then before another; carried almost head foremost into the inner mysteries of indescribable shows, of silent wax saints, screeching poll-parrots, monkeys, and, if the pictures were to be believed, lions and tigers; into pistol-sheds, with rows of gay targets, and only three kreutzers to pay for the chance of missing them; into kitchens, eight feet by six, where a man and woman rolled out, cut out, fried, dipped out, and sold bulgy doughnuts as fast as a hay-cutter chops hay; into sheds where fish were being roasted on sticks over beds of coals; and then, if we were not very careful, into the tank behind the tent, where were the fish swimming alive in water—and alive they were, too, when the sticks were thrust through them, and they were set up endwise over the coal, as I to my horror can testify; then into the Marrionette theater, where the puppets waged marvelous war, and the clown slid along the sill and fell backward and broke his neck, and came up again whole at the other end, and ten thousand of us screamed with the delicious silly laughter of babies; then into the lotteries—yes, lotteries—not one, not two—perhaps a dozen—lottery after lottery—how should I remember, unhappy mortal, who drew nothing in any one of them and tried in all. They were long sheds, with shelves full of just such things as belong to gift enterprises all the world over. On the counter an earthern pan full of little twisted white papers, looking like the torpedoes children buy on Fourths of July. Some of these had numbers printed in them. So the man said who sold them. The rest had only a grotesque head. For six kreutzers you had your choice. Cautious people felt about, and fumbled and dropped one, and took up another; fatalists plunged in their hands and took the first one that came. The ground was white for many rods around with the disappointing tickets which bore only a head. I have my doubts as to the existence of any others.

Besides the shows, and the kitchens, and the pistol-sheds, and the lotteries, there were little houses for cafes, with extempore gardens, whose fir-trees had been cut down in the forests the week before, and tables and chairs, and fifties and sixties of men and women sitting at them, eating and drinking and smoking as composedly as if they were not on the Teresina meadows at all, and there were no such things as kings and racing-horses to be seen.

Looking, and laughing, and wondering and drifting, we nearly lost the races ourselves. We had but just threaded our way among the carriage-wheels and horse-legs, and climbed up behind our cockaded coachman, who had now taken so much beer that he was by no means so respectable as we hired him to be, when "Here comes the horses!" shouted somebody in front.

Six or seven somethings flew past, apparently in the air, so fast that we shut our eyes. I should have said that a bundful of red and white balls had been thrown by with marvelous force and speed. That is all which my eyes could have discovered. The red and white balls were the heads and shoulders of the gay jockeys who rode. Once, twice, three times more came the great rustle of the turning of the hundred thousand faces, and the flash of the flying red and white heads and shoulders; and that is all we saw of the horse-races.

Then on the outer edge of the crowd of carriages began the slow process of disentangling. One by one we cautiously backed and wheeled and turned, and galloped back into Munich.

The horses, utterly wearied out by the four hours' standing, were almost unmanageable; the sidewalks, the crossings, and more than half the width of each street, were so crowded by the thousands returning on foot that it hardly seemed as if they moved at all. The drivers were hoarse with shouting each moment, "Halt, halt!" to people just under the horses' feet. If nobody were run over, it was a miracle.

Until dark we watched the crowd of peasants pouring past our hotel. And, when we first looked out the next morning, there they all were again, going the other way. Women from Dachau, with high fur caps like grenadiers, or with an indescribable ruff head-dress of black ribbons, and a short, scant black petticoat, fluted from top to bottom, and set over a roller at the waist (the waist being just under the shoulder-blades); women from Suabia, with a gilt filoque head-dress, shaped like an old Roman Biga, set plump on top of the head, and having three broad black ribbons hanging to the waist behind—these were most wonderful of all; Munich women, wearing on the back of their heads gilt or silver nets, ending in two swallow-tail peaks, uglier than any other thing fashion ever hit upon. Each woman wore her whole stock of jewels—silver chains round her neck, brooches before and behind and hanging from hooks set on each side of the boddice, more silver chains, gold lockets, and in some cases silver coins. The men also were glittering with great silver buttons, like half dollars, and had gilt or silver chains strung conspicuously across their breasts.

This October Fest lasts for eight days, "and begins eight days before it begins," said my droll German landlady. This meant that for a week before the Teresina meadows are full of men and women, eating and drinking and making ready for the Fest.

On some days there are contests with the rifle, on others races, on others shooting with bows and arrows, and on all days beer-drinking to an extent which is most wonderful of all.

There will be they who will shrug shoulders at the idea of one hundred thousand people in a meadow, and say how easy it is to exaggerate a crowd; so I close my letter with a statistic.

The police registered in Munich, last week, one hundred thousand names of strangers. It is said that at the lowest estimate there must have been twenty thousand more whose names were not given to the police. The population of Munich is nearly two hundred thousand. Probably there were on the Teresina Meadows on this day many more than one hundred thousand souls, without counting, as Edmund About would say, young King Ludwig.

PASS LIGHTLY, EARTH.

BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

He that spared not His only Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?—ROMANS viii., 32.

Pass lightly, Earth, with all thy joy,
Yea, lightly pass with all thy grief,
Thy pleasantness and thine annoy;
Why should we brood on things so brief!

Why waste the longing or the tear
That Heaven alone can fill or claim!
All that hereafter will be dear
Is gathered in one precious Name:

Love that can never know decay,
Joy that will never tire nor wane,
Rest that will grow more sweet for aye
Through deep forgetfulness of pain;

All satisfaction purely sought,
All consolation long delayed,
The bliss unuttered and unthought
For which we hungered here and prayed.

Jesus! Thy Name is pledge of all—
All this and more than words can tell,
And we, whatever may befall,
Shall find hereafter *it was well*.

"DOUBT."

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

It is stated on reliable authority that the community includes a large number of persons who earnestly, honestly question those "things that are most surely believed among us" Christians. The moral character of these persons is unimpeachable. They are not the criminals against social and divine law, who have made it their interest for their own ease of mind to disbelieve; nor the vain egotists who nurse doubts as the supposed proofs of unusual mental acuteness—who say practically to all who will listen, "I detect fallacy where minds less clear or judicial, less accustomed to weigh evidence, were satisfied; and I await in calm mental equipoise the added evidence that is to determine my decision." They are candid, true persons, who would rather believe than not, who are skeptical because their reason and conscience will not let them be otherwise, who have made all the effort that it is competent to them to make where the issues at stake are tremendous, and who after all cannot but be doubters. How many or how few such there are will be a matter of estimate, and men may differ as to the numbers. It is practically of little moment to me here whether the proportion be large or small. Were there but ten in a city, they should be the objects of intense, active pity. There *may* be "eternal death," and they may incur it. There *may* be eternal life, and they may lose it. And they are alive to this awful alternative, and are doing all they can to a settlement of the question; and, having done all, there they remain in inevitable and intolerable equilibrium. No patient in the hospitals, no pauper in the streets, no criminal in the prisons is so much to be sympathized with; and all who personally know of their existence and condition are bound by every principle of humanity to offer their help, or call to their aid the Church, if she can do anything for their relief.

It is alleged that the Church ought to know about these persons. It is not meant, we presume, that individual ministers and members should be informed of their existence; for by the hypothesis, as we say in mathematics, in exhausting all the available means of information, they have inquired of living Christians, with an earnestness and serious eagerness proportioned to the magnitude of the interest in peril. It follows, therefore, inevitably that the church people know of them already, personally. It must be meant, then, that the Church as such should take notice of them in her services and efforts.

That obligation I humbly own; that statement I firmly believe. To ignore such persons, if they are among us, while projecting far-reaching schemes of good, would be as criminal and silly as to organize a life-boat service for Alaska, while people were known to be drowning unaided in the East River.

Then what is the Church to do? Suppose the ministers preach on the subject of these doubts and difficulties. But the doubters are not there to hear. They are outside. And the people inside have no such doubts. They may be ignorant or easily satisfied, but they *are* satisfied. They would say to an irresistible argument for the being of God, or the divine origin of the Bible, Why, we believe all that! They would even prefer that these arguments of infidelity should not be suggested to their children. Many ministers have thinned out their audiences by the zeal and pertinacity with which they kept on this line. Of course, if the doubters took their place, even to hear and weigh the arguments, it would be well-spent or at least not irrational effort; *but they do not*.

Suppose the ministers made these topics the theme of Sabbath-school or Bible-class teaching. We presume wise teachers, in trying to present the truth in its relations and proportions, do not overlook the "many infallible proofs" which attend and are bound up with our holy religion. Probably they sometimes contemplate the possibility of light-minded, vain, or malicious persons wantonly sowing doubts; and they try to preoccupy the ground and use preventive measures. But the doubters are not there. Nor would it mend the matter if these topics were made the staple of the teaching. The very doubts are incomprehensible by the pupils. They have no interest either in the statement or the counter-statement. What then can the Church do here?

Suppose she go to these doubters in their homes, as her members do to the sick and sorrowful. This is feasible. She should be willing to undertake this work. There are certain conditions of human society, however, that demand respect and receive it from all parties. My next-door neighbor—suppose—is a Jewish gentleman. I would fain have him a Christian. But it would be impertinent in me to enter his dwelling uninvited for the accomplishment of my desire. The common voice of my fellows of all sects and parties would condemn me for forcing my religious convictions on an unwilling gentleman. So it would be with a doubter. But in either case a request, a hint even, that conversation on a great religious matter was desired ought to be enough. *We venture here to say it would be enough.* We hazard the assertion that there is not an honest, earnest doubter in the community who cannot have all the attention he wishes from the Church while he is honest and earnest. But, if no movement is made from such a doubter's side, there is no more responsibility on the Church than there is on the College of Surgeons for the illness of a gentleman's children who laughs at the faculty and employs a "botanist and astrologer in general." It is a great pity of the children; but the father cannot blame the doctors, nor can he truthfully say he has tried everything in vain.

The Church is really in a difficult and embarrassing position. Thus are amiable, sensitive, candid, high-minded people weighed down by doubts unresolved; and the Church is told she should look after them. But they will not come to her services, nor avail themselves of the ordinary methods of communication. They are curiously like the grammatical puzzle—"Oh, I will fall, and nobody shall help me!" And yet it is alleged they are so earnest that they have used all the means of information open to them.

"But," it may be said, "the doubts and difficulties of these distressed persons have

The Independent.

A TRANSITION.

MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Bring fine linen, clean and white; lovingly about her
Fold the raiment pure and bright; she hath left the outer
Court where supplants kneeling wait, for the inner palace,
For the ring and robe of state, and the jewelled chalice.

Press the weary eyelids down; ah! the eyes were faded,
Many a pang, to us unknown, their sweet vision shaded.
Oft their brightness hid the tears, sorrows all unspoken,
While she soothed our secret fears by some loving token.

Cross her hands upon her breast; all her work is over!
Soft and sweet shall be her rest. Surely like a lover,
Loosing with a touch so fleet all life's twist and tangle,
Lifting tenderly her feet from the road's sharp angle,
Death, the strong, the beautiful, came to her this morning;
And she met him dutiful, though he gave no warning.

Here upon this pallid brow cold his seal is lying,
Every wrinkle smoothed out now; this the bliss of dying,
Left behind her all the care, all the fret and fever,
And the smile those pale lips wear welcomes God's forever.

Patiently along her way walked this late our sister,
Asking strength for every day; yet no sorrow missed her
That we bore, no joy went by but it left its story,
Laughing from that clear blue eye, beaming now in glory.

Yet the grief outweighed the joy, and the sparkling gladness,
Quenched too oft, alas! would die in a mist of sadness.
Why, O Father, are thy saints sometimes tried by fire,
Tortured till the spirit faints, ere thou lift them higher,

Far above earth's woe and war, through the shining portal
That was left a bit ajar when this dear immortal
Changed her pilgrim branch of palm for the fruits that quiver,
Dropping down their dews of balm by Life's flowing river?

But the door, and come away; not alone we leave her
Who but only yesterday had so much to grieve her.
For this dim and narrow room seems one of the places
Where, amid the gorgeous gloom, angels veil their faces.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI AS A FRIEND.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

The New York *Tribune* has done a good thing for the best cause of woman in publishing consecutively the life and works of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Not twenty years have passed since the remorseless waves of the ocean swept her from human sight, and already she wears the luster of the historic woman. This is remarkable for an American; more remarkable that this American is a woman. We have our full share of men heroes—heroes whose deeds have made them worthy of the Olympian days; but the women whom we have lauded the loudest have been essentially hum-drum. Martha Washington was well enough. She knitted stockings well and loved her husband. Thousands of other women have done the same, whose pictures do not hang in our parlors or line our photograph albums. The women who, by virtue of high endowment, would have made their names immortal through lack of the mere chance of personal development have died and made no sign; while the women whom we have most delighted to honor have been chiefly remarkable because they bare their husbands' names. But the name of Margaret Fuller is still spoken by those who knew her in life with an enthusiasm, a reverence, a tenderness, which but few human beings inspire; and for which, amid the fragments of her recorded thoughts, we search in vain for a commensurate cause. She wrote suggestively and well. On every page we see the results of a wide and accurate scholarship, such as at that time no other American woman and but few American men had attained; yet in her there existed more than ordinary antagonism between thought and its slow instrument of expression, the pen. Her swift and ductile mind constantly outflew its halting paces. On her written page we continually feel her limitations. Her style is often involved, as if it stumbled for lack of room amid its own crowd of treasures. It is only occasionally, and that when she is writing heart to heart to a friend, that her expression seems to reach the utmost measure of her thoughts. Perhaps in her work on Italy, written after she had grown on through the deepest human experience, she attained to perfect freedom and power in the use of written language. But this perfect flower of her mind and heart perished with her. Thus in the fragmentary thought which she has left we find nothing adequate to her reputation. This makes her wide and ever-widening fame the more remarkable. It is another illustration of the illimitable power of one great personality. It proves how one rare individual, through the pure force of its individuality, may live on and on long after its human home has perished. In looking back through the centuries, we find that the fame of women has always been more purely personal than that of men. Men have perpetuated their names through their works and deeds; women, restrained in the use of their powers, have been able to leave little more to the world than the legacy of their lives. But to these lives the human race will never cease to pay homage. Thus Margaret Fuller never wrote anything that was half as noble as herself. There was a pathetic charm in her nature beyond the reach of her words; yet her words were often pathetic, and in oral speech were most eloquent. Her dear friend, James Freeman Clarke, says: "She did many things well, but nothing so well as she talked. For some reason or other, she could never deliver herself in print as she did with her lips. Her conversation I have seldom heard equaled. Though remarkably fluent and select, it was neither fluency, nor choice diction, nor wit, nor sentiment that gave it its peculiar power; but accuracy of statement, keen discrimination, and a certain weight of judgment, which contrasted strongly and charmingly with the youth and sex of the speaker. Her speech, though finished and true as the most deliberate rhetoric of the pen, had always an air of spontaneity which made it seem the grace of the moment." Had her powers taken their free course, she would have been an orator in her own way, taking multitudes captive by the wonder of her thought and the music of her speech. Never in the remotest manner affecting the tones or the gestures of men, this woman would have used the transcendent gifts which God had bestowed upon her *as* he had given them to her. She herself says: "If I were a man, the gift I would choose would be that of eloquence. That power of forcing the vital currents of thousands of human hearts into *one* current, by the constraining power of that most delicate instrument, the voice, is so intense—yes, I would prefer it to a more extensive fame, a more permanent influence." Not a man, she was no less eloquent. But her great gift, forced back upon herself, flowed out only to her friends. We are conscious of its reflex power in her most familiar notes. In her more labored works we rarely feel a thrill of the real inspirational eloquence which pervades all her personal letters. Here we are constantly surprised by her exhaustive culture, by her wealth of illustration, by her almost universal comprehensiveness of intellect, by the warmth of her temperament, by the tenderness of her heart. What could not such a soul give to other souls, to whom she was allied by consanguinity of purpose, of pursuit, and of affection? Had she left no other record, that of Margaret Fuller as a friend would have been sufficient to have perpetuated her memory. She had a genius for friendship. Universal sympathy with human nature was one of her most prevailing characteristics. Her magnanimity, her large intelligence, her tenderness made her not only comprehend, but feel for every struggle of a human heart. Her subtle, penetrating insight pierced to the core of every being she met; thus she knew not only what it was, but what it might be. She saw the sleeping germ of beauty as well as of evil, and her mission to every nature was to give it the best ideal of itself. There was no soul so lonely or abject that she did not feel drawn toward it through the virtue of its humanity. She was the beloved friend of the little child, of the aged, of the sick, and of the poor. But as the cherished associate and equal friend of many of the leading thinkers of her country and time Margaret Fuller's friendships assume more than a personal significance. They give to the world another illustration of that illustrious race of friendships between men and women of the highest type which in every age have been deeper, broader, and purer than the time in which they existed. These friendships illustrate also a still more significant fact in human history—viz., that, despite the depravity which has characterized the average dealings of men toward women, even in the most depraved and bigoted ages, the higher order of men and women met in absolute individual equality; and that the personal power of the femininely grand woman in herself has always been more powerful than tradition, prejudice, or custom. Monica and St. Augustine; Susannah, and John, and Charles Wesley—friends no less than mother and sons; Francis De Sales and Madame De Chantel; Fenelon and Madame Guyon; Madame Swetchine and Lacordaire; Eugenie and Maurice De Guerin; Madame Roland and the Girondists; Hannah More and her masculine cotemporaries—all illustrate a type of friendships between men and women which has done all that a human relation could do to exalt human nature and to embellish human life. For love, the most powerful passion of human nature, is only exalted when it is born in friendship. The lover must be first and always the friend to be worthy to be the lover. To revere and love the individual, the personal essence which in its intrinsic quality separates the beloved being from every other in the universe, is the only love which survives all time and change. It is the only love which outlives beauty and youth. It made even Abelard and Heloise friends long after they had ceased to be lovers. The charm to inspire it in man lives only in the rarest woman. It made the soul of Madame Recamier more beautiful than her face, and her face was among the most beautiful in the world. It made all her hopeless lovers live and die her friends. It makes the picture of herself and Chateaubriand, sitting by the same fireside in their last days, one of the most attractive in the history of human affection. The splendor of his power, the passion of his intellect were gone; so too was the grace and glory of her youth. He was decrepid, she was blind, and both were old. They had outlived their friends, outlived everything which had once made their lives resplendent. The affection of their hearts, the friendship of their souls, surviving youth and passion, beauty and power, alone remained unshaken and unchanged. We pity the nature incapable of believing in this perfect friendship existing between man and woman. We find many such to pity. The majority of people talk as if there were but two extremes of relation which woman can sustain to man. She must be a pretty, tricky, artful creature, beguiling him of his reason, taking him captive through his senses, the panderer to his pleasures, at once his tyrant and his slave; or she must arm herself against him, accuse him, abuse him, as at once the sole author of her wrongs, the source of all her miseries. The fair, open, land between—the serene and sacred land of friendship, wherein men and women may meet in human sympathy, in kindred pursuits, in wide thoughts, and in beneficent action—we hear constantly spoken of as a debatable if not impossible meeting-ground. It doubtless is, for the people who express this opinion; but never has been and never will be for those men and women who recognize and revere in each other the equal human nature which each alike receive from God. Always man needs woman for his friend. He needs her clearer vision, her subtler insight, her swifter thought, her winged soul, her pure and tender heart. Always woman needs man to be her friend. She needs the vigor of his purpose, the ardor of his will, his calmer judgment, his braver force of action, his reverence, and his devotion. Thus the mystic bond of sex which binds one-half the matter and spirit of the universe in counterpart and balance to the other gives even to the friendship of man and woman its finest charm, enabling each only through the other to preserve the perfect equipoise of intellect and soul. Such a friend was Margaret Fuller to the men who still speak her name with reverent tenderness. To have been at once a personal impulse, an intellectual inspiration in the lives of such men as Freeman Clarke, Hedge, Alcott, Channing, Emerson, George Ripley, Horace Greeley, Mazzini, was as high an individual privilege as ever came to an American woman. As the friend and helper of these men, her name will live associated with the most marked revolution in culture and ideas of her country and era. Without subscribing to their tenets, to be just, we must own that the transcendentalists of New England have given a keener impulse to thought (even in channels opposite to its own), a wider direction to personal culture, and a higher exaltation to personal character than has been given in the same period by any other body of scholars and thinkers in America. And when their history is dispassionately written, as it will be some day, the central figure amid this group of large-brained men will be this large-brained and still larger hearted woman. William Henry Channing says of her: "Of this body she was a member by grace of Nature. Her romantic freshness of heart, her craving for the truth, her discipline in German schools had given definite form and tendency to her idealism. On the other hand, very strong common sense saved her from being visionary, while she was too well read as a scholar to be caught by conceits and had been too sternly tried by sorrow to fall into fanciful effeminacy. Men—her superiors in years, fame, and social position—treated her with the frankness due from equal to equal, but with the half-condescending deference with which scholars are wont to adapt themselves to women. They prized her verdict, respected her criticism, feared her rebuke, and looked to her as an umpire. Very observable was it, also, how with her they seemed to glow and brighten into their best mood, and poured out in full measure what they had but scantily hinted at in the circle at large. In these conversations she blended in closest union and swift interplay feminine receptiveness with masculine energy. She was at once impressible and creative, impulsive and deliberate, pliant in sympathy yet firmly self-centered, confidingly responsive while commanding in originality. By the vivid intensity of her conceptions she brought out in those around her their own consciousness, and by the glowing vigor of her intellect roused into action their torpid powers. She lived herself with such concentrated force in moments that she was always effulgent with thought and affection. So tender was her affection that, like a guardian genius, she made her friends' souls her own and identified herself with their fortunes." In closing his account of her life at Jamaica Plain, this same beloved friend, who had known her intimately from childhood, offers her as high a tribute as man ever paid to the friendship of woman: "The very thought of her roused manliness to emulate the vigorous freedom with which one was assured that wherever placed she was that instant acting, and the mere mention of her name was an inspiration of magnanimity and faithfulness and truth."

UNTOLD.

BY FLORA LOE TURNER.

I.

Amber-hued cloud, with your edge tipped with glory,
Sailing away, sailing away,
Wait while I tell you a beautiful story—
Tell it to-day, tell it to-day.
But the cloud disappears in a chariot of gold,
And my story is ever untold.

II.

Winds of the morning, that bear on your pinions
Blossoms so fair, perfume so rare,
Carry my story to distant dominions,
Whisper it there, whisper it there.
But the wind hurries onward, neglectful and cold,
And my story is ever untold.

III.

Gay little brook, dancing on like a fairy,
Down to the sea, down to the sea,
Just for a moment I ask you to tarry—
Listen to me, listen to me.
But the brook ripples on and its pebbles grow cold,
And my story is ever untold.

IV.

Golden clouds passing and silvery brooks flowing
Laugh in their glee, mockingly flee;
Breezes from meadow and mountain-side blowing,
Blow not for me, blow not for me:
And the years wrap my heart in a shadowy fold,
And my story will never be told.

ORIGIN OF ALL SOULS DAY.

BY L. M. CHILD.

November is sadly suggestive to the old, accustomed as they are to see the withered leaves of human life everywhere falling around them. Perhaps these associations with the dying year were the reason why this month was selected for religious observances in honor of the dead. The customs of the Catholic Church in this respect had their origin in very remote antiquity. In fact, the worship of deceased ancestors was probably the very first worship of the human race. Sacred writings of the Hindoos, dating before the birth of Moses, inculcate the doctrine that there is an intimate relation between the spirits of departed ancestors and the souls of their living descendants; that ancestors are mediums between gods and men, and can thus bring blessings or otherwise on their posterity. On the other hand, departed souls are represented as dependent on the sacrifices and prayers of those who come after them; for, if these pious duties are neglected, or there are none to perform them, they are doomed to wander about their graves, unable to obtain entrance into Paradise. Hence, the Hindoos have great dread of leaving no family behind them. It is ordained, in their most ancient sacred books, that on the anniversaries of the death of ancestors, as far back as the third generation, offerings of water, flowers, etc., shall be carried to their tombs, and priests employed to perform prescribed religious ceremonies. To this day this immemorial custom is devoutly observed in Hindostan.

The tombs of the wealthy in ancient Egypt were built with upper apartments, the walls of which were adorned with paintings and sculpture. On the anniversary of the death of an ancestor, his relatives assembled in the chamber of his tomb, taking with them wine and fruit, grain and flowers, as offerings to his spirit, which was supposed to be present. They also carried musical instruments, to the accompaniment of which they sang hymns and songs. Priests were always employed to recite prayers and perform religious ceremonies. At Eilethya are funeral grottoes cut in the rock. One of them—apparently the tomb of a rich agriculturist—has an upper apartment, on the walls of which are still visible pictured representations of the farmer's life. In one place he is seen riding in the fields, superintending his laborers, who are plowing and sowing. In another, men are tying up sheaves and oxen are treading out grain, while their driver seems to be singing to the animals a song of encouragement, the words of which are written on the wall at his side. Very likely little Moses used to hear that ancient agricultural song when he wandered as a boy on the banks of the Nile. Then follows a succession of scenes. Bags of money are brought to be weighed; men are treading out grapes for wine; there are pleasure-parties in boats and chariots; banquets where meat, fruits, and wine are served, and where every lady carries a flower; and, last of all, the rich man is represented lying on his bier. Doubtless abundant offerings were brought to this chamber, and many religious ceremonies performed, on the anniversary of his death.

Similar customs have always prevailed in China. Confucius enjoined it upon his followers to "offer oblations to the souls of ancestors, as if they were visibly present"; and the disciples of Fo also consider it a holy duty to commemorate the anniversaries of their forefathers' deaths by placing offerings on their tombs and having prayers recited.

Greeks and Romans, who were inheritors of ancient civilization, erected magnificent tombs, with upper apartments, which on anniversary days were adorned with flowers and other offerings by the relatives assembled there. Religious ceremonies were performed, which consisted in part of the sacrifice of animals, and sometimes of men, as an atonement for the sins of the deceased, and a means of propitiating the gods in his favor. Virgil gives an elaborate description of the ceremonies performed at the tomb of Anchises by his son Æneas. It was also customary to visit tombs and offer sacrifices and prayers in time of affliction or danger, or when about to undertake a voyage or journey or any great enterprise; for it was believed that departed spirits could help to avert evils from the living, and to procure blessings for them from the gods.

These anniversaries, of course, became numerous; and, as families were reluctant to neglect even remote ancestors, a day was set apart, called the Parentalia, in which the people joined in offering oblations and prayers to the souls of *all* their ancestors. Similar anniversaries were observed by the whole people in honor of kings, heroes, and great benefactors.

When the Christian Church began to be organized, it found these ancient festivals endeared to the hearts of the people, and it adopted the policy of changing the names without attempting to do them away. On the anniversary of a relative's death, Christian converts kept up the old custom by laying an oblation on the altar, generally in the form of money, that prayers might be said for the benefit of his departed soul; for it was believed in the primitive Christian Church, as it was among the ancient Hindoos, that his term of punishment, or probation, might thereby be abridged, and he might sooner be enabled to enter realms of bliss. Tertullian has recorded of his time that "the widow offers an oblation every year, on the day of her husband's death, and prays, through the priest, that his soul may be refreshed in its intermediate state, and that she may be partner with him in the first resurrection." Instead of the animals formerly sacrificed for atonement on such occasions, the Lord's Supper was administered, which the priests taught them was a renewed sacrifice of the body and blood of the Son of God every time it was partaken of; a sacrifice more efficacious than thousands of oxen and rams. This they deduced from the teaching of Paul, that it was no longer necessary to slay a lamb at the Passover, as an atonement for sin, since Jesus, the Lamb of God, had been slain for the sins of all the world.

The belief of all the ancient nations that priests were especially ordained and inspired to officiate between gods and men, between the souls of the living and the departed, was inherited by the early Christians; and, as even the poorest would pay something to help the soul of a relative out of the intermediate state, which the Catholic Church have named purgatory, while the wealthy were ready to pour out their money without stint for such an object, it followed that the priesthood of all religions found these observances a very valuable source of revenue.

The old public festivals in memory of kings, heroes, and benefactors of the people, whose spirits were supposed to have great influence with the gods, were adopted by the Christian Church; but the honors were transferred to the martyrs, who were the heroes of the new faith. The anniversaries of their death were beautifully called "The Birthdays of the Martyrs," to signify that they were thus born into everlasting life. On these occasions offerings were brought to their tombs, prayers addressed to them, and the Lord's Supper administered, in lieu of the ancient sacrifices of animals for atonement. As these anniversaries multiplied greatly, a day was appropriated to public ceremonies in honor of all martyrs; and it is still observed by the Catholic Church on the 1st of November, under the name of All Saints Day.

The gathering-place in each locality was usually at the tomb of some martyr, or some chapel erected over his tomb. And, as Greeks and Romans had formerly prayed for blessings at the tombs of their heroes and ancestors, so Christians now thronged to implore the spirits of the martyrs for fruitful seasons, healthy children, and increase of cattle. The concourse was so great that it was necessary to hold fairs in the neighborhood for the sale of provisions and other commodities; by reason of which these religious festivals became more and more scenes of merriment and traffic. Beastly drunkenness was the result of the great quantities of wine quaffed in memory of the holy martyrs. Some of the heretical Christian sects cried out shame upon the Church, saying: "You worship your martyrs as the Pagans did their idols; and, like them, you seek to propitiate the souls of the dead with wine and meat offerings." The more conscientious of the clergy refused to sanction such disorderly scenes with their presence. Gregory of Nazienzen, Chrysostom, and others, preached zealously against them, and they were condemned by the Council of Laodicea. But the populace were so much attached to these time-honored observances that it was found almost impossible to suppress them, and their ghost still lingers in all Catholic countries. In all the cathedrals of Europe high mass is celebrated on All Saints Day, and the Lord's Supper administered. Prayers are recited, and solemn music performed with voice and organ. Processions with lighted tapers pass up the broad aisle, bearing ribbons and scarfs, to be blessed by the priests with a formula of holy words, and thereafter worn as protecting amulets. Processions of boys also carry baskets of cakes to be blessed, which are afterward distributed.

The old Roman festival called Parentalia, in memory of the souls of *all* their ancestors, was adopted by the Christian Church, and is still observed in Catholic countries, on the second of November, under the name of All Souls Day; called by the French Le Jour des Morts. Peasants try to help the souls of deceased relatives out of purgatory, by causing as many prayers to be recited as they can afford to pay for. They make indentations on the graves, in the form of a cross, which they fill with garlands or red berries. Mass for departed souls is performed in all the cities, and numerous offerings are deposited on the altars. Mont Martre, Pere la Chaise, and other cemeteries in Paris, are thronged with people of all conditions, carrying crosses and garlands to deposit on the graves of their dead. These are for sale at the corners of all the streets; generally made of the pretty little yellow amaranths called immortelles, among which initials, names, and loving mottoes are often interwoven in black letters. Many of the tombs have upper apartments, where families are accustomed to assemble on this anniversary, taking with them flowers, fruit, embroidery, religious books, and musical instruments. They often spend the day there, praying, singing, reading, and conversing. Very much in the same way was the memory of that ancient farmer on the Nile honored by his descendants. Thus does the Past infuse itself into the Present. The large progressive party of this century understand by All Souls Day the universal recognition of every human being's right to an equal chance for happiness, wealth, and culture. And this will the Present infuse into the Future.

"THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."

BY LUCY A. MILLS.

Not even the fashions? No, madam; not even the fashions. Those dresses of yours which have just arrived from *chez Alexandrine, Place la Madelaine*, and upon which you doat as the production of modern French genius—those same robes are only imitations of what the unfortunate daughter of Maria Theresa, with her classical taste, adopted from her Grecian prototypes. And those Grecian dames—the queenly Targelia, the beautiful Phryne, and the spirited Aspasia—chose their graceful veil and tunic from the toilets of the Egyptian princesses, who had long before received them across the steep mountains of Thibet from the swarthy Hindoo. Thus we find that the tunic, which to-day decorates the fair American, may be as ancient as the Sanscrit; and it is more than probable that its first pattern may date back to that constructed by Mrs. Eve herself out of the fig-leaves. No; however novel the costumes, they are not new, but they return to assert their claims, in periods as regular as the meteoric showers.

The round cape so much in vogue at the present day was, with small variations, worn by our mothers, our grandmothers, and great-grandmothers, and in Great Britain during the reigns of each of the Hanover queens, beginning with Sophia Dorethes, of good Queen Annie, of Annie of Cleves, and of many others, and at intervals of time as long ago—which fact is proved to us by carvings in stone—as 1,700 years before Christ. Who, then, can say that this is anything new?

And the rotation of fashion is not confined to dress alone. The hair, which, since Mary Magdalene wiped the anointed feet of her Master with her locks, has ever held rank as the chiefest ornament of woman, has obtained in the recurring centuries a notableness for the same return of costume, both in its color and in its style. In the Palmyrean sepulchers mummies embalmed in the old Egyptian manner were discovered, and among other things peculiar to their dress was the plaited or braided hair, similar to that of the present day.

That greatest absurdity in the fashion of the hair, that which exhibits weak vanity in its most glaring phase, is the demand for a reddish or yellow color in the hair. This mode is not the product of the present age, though prevailing so extensively now; but has had its many imperial epochs in past time. The dyeing of the hair red, or the wearing of red wigs, was adopted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whose royal red locks were in this way copied by her court. Also in the palmy days of Lucrecia Borgia, whose talents gained her a larger empire than her beauty, but whose golden hairs have been preserved until this day, many were the lesser stars who by the same process borrowed their yellow light to imitate in some measure her resplendency. And, still further back than this, we find 600 years before Christ the prophet Ezekiel denouncing the women for the *exceeding dyed attire* which they wore upon their heads.

But the custom of painting the eyes dark—that is surely new. Pardon me, madam; that also is of ancient origin. You behold to-day the theater actresses, the singers of the Italian opera, and the ultra fashionables of the town and watering-places, with that black line of antimony painted around the eye, and you regard it as a solecism in the world of fashion; but this coveted feature of beauty, which is indeed so lustrous to the eye when drawn by Nature, so barbarously hideous when painted by art, is not of recent invention. Women in different periods of history have made use of this adornment. Catherine of Russia and Cleopatra, Jezebel the wicked and Semiramis the warrior woman, each employed this art, and the inspired anathemas against Ahola and Aholaba included among their abominations that of *painting the eyes.*

"Truly, there is nothing new under the sun"—not even the fashions.

Williamstown, Mass.

The Budget.

BY M. C. A.

The private view of the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, not remarkable for the pictures on the walls, was rather so for the pleasant pictures moving about. At the private view few pretend to look at the pictures. We go to look at each other, to talk with each other, amiably always; to talk about each other, *not* amiably always, though rarely with malicious intent. For usually in such assemblies there are a few conspicuously-gotten-up creatures, whose chatter and costume alike challenge criticism. This reception was remarkable for their absence. There was scarcely a "loud" dress in the room; but there were bright and pretty faces, light and elegant toilettes. There were "grave and reverend signors," ample matrons, a pleasant sprinkling of beaux and belles, but no crowd. One always sees Bryant at these receptions. He was at the last one, looking out serene and saintly amid his venerable years. Among the few artists present were the president, Mr. Huntington; the vice president, Mr. Peters Gray; and the secretary, Mr. Addison Richards; also Mr. Inness, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Whittredge, Mr. Gifford, Spring, Ingraham, Dowell, Kensett, and Bierstadt, just back from Paris, with his pretty wife. Among the other guests were Dr. Draper, author of the "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe"; Dr. Field, of *The Evangelist*; Oliver Johnson, of The Independent; Rev. Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Stranger; Miss Phoebe Cary; Christopher Cranch, the poet; Calvert Vaux, the architect; Mr. Putnam, the publisher. These gentlemen, with the ladies who accompanied them, represented fairly the tone of the "promiscuous crowd," thus portrayed by an art critic in the *Tribune:*

"By dint of cards sown broadcast, the committee on invitations managed to secure the usual jam of what is called 'Society'—the aristocracy—or rather the plutocracy of the city. Of gossip about neighbors, of cooing about dress, of utterly inane and foolish small talk there was plenty. Of knowledge of and criticism on art a corresponding scarcity—painfully conscious pretty women, fans, feathers, flirtation, *vogue ad nauseam* cannot be the right spirit to learn of and be instructed in what, of all people on earth, we must stand in need of—a knowledge of art *vogue ad minimum.* One-half of all this promiscuous crowd stood with their backs to the pictures nearly the whole evening, in deep discussion on their neighbor's bonnet or beefsteak."

Now the gentleman who wrote this evidently went to college at some time of his life; but that he went to the Art Reception we have serious doubts. If he did, he must have been suffering from the fermentation of an undigested pickle. No less an acid could have "worked him up" to look with such *inexorable* and contemptuous eyes upon his compatriots. As an illustration of the very different quality which two distinct pairs of eyes discover in precisely the same thing, we append another notice of the same scene from the *Evening Mail*, that just and enjoyable evening journal, which in the course of a week will give a compendium of literature and art news which would do credit to a newspaper of three times its size. It says:

"There is a happy medium in a crowd, as in most things; and the Academy realized this, precisely, last evening. Whether it was owing to the season of the year, or to the increase of better taste, we cannot say; but there was an exceptional absence of personal display upon the part of the ladies present last night which must have been flattering to the exhibitors. For the first time in our recollection of such receptions, the pictures were looked at and talked about in a thoughtful, appreciative way. The majority of the ladies present, we honestly believe, came rather to see than to be seen. There were not three women in the room the extravagance of whose drapery challenged comment; and there were a hundred quite as beautiful as if they had been so gorgeously got up as to impair the brilliancy of that weird sunset of Charles Somares in the corridor. In moving among the crowd of soberly-dressed and appreciative people, we had but a single regret; and that, that the exhibition which called them there was such a poor one."

Thus the conclusion of the matter is, that the people at the Art Reception were well-dressed and sensible; its flowers were fragrant; its music exquisite; its pictures might have been better—but of them next time.

....It is with a silent pang that we read of the passing away from earth of some persons whom we never met, save as even in the body spirit may meet spirit. We never saw their faces. Yet they have come to us often in our hours of solitude. They have come near, very near to us in sorrow. And, when filled with that mighty hunger of the heart which sooner or later assails every human being, they have given us the comfort of their high thought and resignations in lieu of the perfect satisfaction which never yet set its seal on any human relation. With such emotion as moved us to greet the four thousand silent souls who followed the body of Saint-Beuve to its resting-place on Mount Parnasse. It is hard to think of him as gone, harder still to know that that pure and illustrious life was tortured and cut short by the malpractice of physicians. No wonder Matthew Arnold calls him "the master of all of us." In the wide kingdom of criticism there is no master to take his place. Others may be able to measure by as accurate a gauge of knowledge; but where lives another critic who, with the same artistic skill, the same searching power of analysis, combines the psychological insight to discern, the spiritual sympathy to come *en rapport* with every soul and every work that it judges? It is doubtful if another man ever lived who did as much as Sainte-Beuve to bring into beautiful and affectionate remembrance the names of obscure and forgotten genius. No one as he could so reflect, so reproduce the soul of another in a single line. He gives us not only the work that he scans, but the soul out of which it was born. His "Portraits" of women, in intellectual breadth, in subtlety, in sympathy, we have never seen equaled by any other man. It is a very close and tender bond which binds at once the grandest and simplest natures in men and women to God's silent creatures. Every human being in whom the child-heart warms and nourishes an exhaustive brain loves little children and animals. Thus there is something touching, but by no means inconsistent, in this little sketch of Sainte-Beuve's home and garden on the sad day of his funeral, traced by the graceful and appreciative pen of Clarence Cooke for the *Tribune:*

"We all of us like to know something of the surroundings of famous men; and why, since I have seen it, should I not describe the interior of Sainte-Beuve's house? It is not arranged as is usual, almost universal in Paris. In the first place, there is no court, and it is only in the very poorest streets and among the very poorest of the poor people that houses are to be found opening directly from the street. To an American, the house has a singularly homelike and familiar look. The house proper is, for all the world, like a small New York house of two stories and a half—such an one as is seldom seen in Paris. Opening the door, we find ourselves in a very small entry, for 'hall' would be too fine a word, with a narrow staircase against the opposite wall, and a door at the left leading into the room where all the world is writing its name, as I have described, by way of respect to the friends. The room into which this opens was perhaps the dining-room; it gives, in its turn, access into the pretty drawing-room, with its decoration, so common in Paris, of white and gold, and from both these rooms the long windows permit us to pass into the pretty garden. It is not so formal as most of these city gardens are; but, though small, looks as if its owner had endeavored to give it the air of a bit of country ground, and here, in fact, Sainte-Beuve took pleasure in strolling about, playing with his pet animals, of which he was very fond. Here was his handsome family of cats, three splendid sultans, with their two sultanas, proud of their magnificent fur, and whom he called respectively La Gloriense and La Jolie. Here, too, his two rabbits hopped contentedly about, living in harmony with the cats, and at times permitted to share their crumbs; while his pigeons roamed themselves along the garden-wall, or flew in and out of his study-window, to pick up the crumbs with which he was in the habit of feeding them on the table. The morning after his death they came as usual; but the gentle hand that had fed them daily lay passive upon the bed hard by and could feed them no more. Another hand gave them their crumbs on the accustomed table. Did the birds see that the hand was not their master's? These little traits show the kind heart, the tender feeling that so often reveals itself in his writings—in the spirit that dictates a judgment, in the turn of a phrase, in the genius which envelopes a severe criticism and almost cures the wound. And, if the testimony of his friends may be received—and how many friends he had!—the fascination for which he was so famous was not a mere brilliant charm of manner; it was the radiance that streamed out from a heart as warm as his intellect was splendid. He loved justice, he worshiped truth; this was evident in all he said and in all he wrote. The conviction that these qualities were inherent in him took away the sting from his rebuke, and made his praise more worth than gold. But all was one; his love for his garden-pets, his affection for his old servant, his kindness to the poor, the pleasure he took in the companionship of the young, the delight he had in laboring to re-establish a forgotten name, to revive a perished reputation—all was one spirit. And, as it began with his earliest youth, so it never left him till his dying-day."

Art and Artists.

The *New York Times* takes exception, in a long editorial, to the remarks we lately made in relation to the regrets which had been expressed in Jersey City should have failed to make provision for the erection of an art gallery in this city, in conformity with a plan which he is said to have formed some time previous to his death. What we said was, that we did not need a gallery so much as we needed pictures; and that we should have the pictures when we had the artists who could produce them; and that we would have the artists whenever our people evinced a capacity to enjoy their works and a disposition to pay for them. These are very plain and simple propositions, and we do not see how they can be controverted. But the *N. Y. Times* undertakes to show their soundness, though in the course of its argument it really admits their truth, and carries the point much further than we intended, by applying it to literature as well as to art. "The reason why we have so few painters," says the *Times*,

"is certainly not because there is no 'instinct for art,' and no love for it, in the minds of the people. Whenever an American can afford to go abroad, and feast his eyes on the treasures of the Old World; and, as a matter of fact, he can appreciate what he sees at least as well as the tourist from any other country. We doubt, moreover, whether native artists who have succeeded in making a 'name' could fairly complain of any lack of support from their own countrymen. We need not go far out of New York to find owners of private galleries who have paid large sums for pictures by Bierstadt or Church, or one or two other artists who find no difficulty in obtaining commissions. But, notwithstanding this fact, it is quite true that American painters are not patronized—if that word must be used still—with either the liberality or the discrimination which ought to be exercised. So far we agree with the complaint we have quoted; but we should trace the origin of it to a different cause. Fashion dictates the taste in literature and art no less than in dress, and fashion has unluckily prescribed that we should go abroad for our pictures and books, as well as for our wives' and daughters' shawls and dresses."

This is a very trifling and superficial view of the subject; but it is confirmatory, so far as it means anything, of our own position. If fashion directs the taste of our people in art, then it is certain that they have no instinct for art, nor any intelligent love for it. But we do not admit that there is any fashion about true art. It may be the fashion for wealthy people to hang pictures in their parlors; and it is very natural and altogether proper for them to purchase the works of celebrated artists, rather than to venture upon the hazardous plan of purchasing the productions of artists who have not yet gained a reputation. Just as, in buying a watch, they would prefer one by a maker of established reputation to one equally good by an unknown manufacturer. There are in New York two or three discriminating purchasers of works of art, who pay very little attention to the name or reputation of an artist in making their selections; but the greater number of the patrons of art, who spend money liberally in the purchase of pictures, have no knowledge, and never make any pretensions to any, on the subject of art. They think it a proper thing to patronize artists, and they do literally patronize them; not only paying more than the artists ever dreamed of asking for their works, but they remember that a great monarch once picked up the pencil of a painter and reached it to him, and they invite artists to their houses and dine them and wine them. But these patrons of art do an infinite deal of mischief by their munificence. They encourage mediocrity by overpaying it, and they reward most liberally the artists who pay them the most flattering attentions. The influence of these patrons of art is precisely like that of Congress, which has squandered the public money in worthless works to decorate the National Capitol: it acts as an encouragement to impudent pretenders and adventurers, while it discourages and disheartens the honorable and deserving workers, who cannot descend to the meanness of soliciting orders. No comparison can be justly established between authors and artists. They occupy wholly different positions. The American writer must contend, in the absence of an international copyright law, with an unpaid rival; in reality, it is the honest manufacturer competing in the open market with a dealer in stolen goods. Of course, in such a contest the honest manufacturer goes to the wall or comes to grief. There can be no competition in such a case, and the United States present the very anomalous condition of being the greatest consumers of literature in the world, and the smallest producers of what they consume. But this is not the case with our artists. They work on equal conditions with their foreign rivals. A painting cannot be stolen by reproduction, as a book can. Unquestionably art suffers to a certain extent, as all the other great interests of the country do, by the general demoralization of sentiment which results from our atrocious laws, which authorize the robbery of foreign authors. But fashion has nothing to do with the matter—except that it is the established fashion with us to be dishonest and to foster knavery; and we are paying the penalty for it in a low state of art and a general demoralization of the public sentiment, and all this to satisfy the mistaken greed of a few book publishers.

....The Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design commenced last week, the opening or private view being given on Thursday night. There was a crowd, as usual, but fewer artists than we have been accustomed to meet on similar occasions. The collection of paintings is small and by no means attractive. There are a good many foreign pictures, and a good many more that have been often exhibited in other places. It would hardly be worth while to notice the collection in detail. Among the foreign paintings is a battle piece, by Schreyer, representing a cavalry charge at Waterioo, which will repay attentive study; and a marine piece, by Gudin, which shows how incapable a Frenchman is of painting a ship. Among the new works by our own artists the most noticeable but the least noticed by our newspaper cotemporaries, is Page's portrait of Senator Wall, of New Jersey, which is to be placed in a public hall in his native city of Burlington. The *Saturday Review* recently gave a criticism on Story's statue of George Peabody, which has been erected near the Royal Exchange in London. The critic admitted the literal resemblance of the statue, but condemned it for its lack of idealized elevation. But it is certain that, if the statue lacks dignity of expression, or what the critic calls ideality, it is because it does not resemble the original; for there is sufficient dignity in every human being, if it be properly rendered, to satisfy the utmost craving for an ideal expression. This superb portrait of the New Jersey senator is an admirable example of the ideal in art combined with exactness of resemblance. It is as like the original as one pea is like another; yet it has a dignity of expression, an historical repose, which we very much doubt whether Mr. Wall's intimate friends will recognize as characteristic of him. This painting is very low in tone, which may account for its not attracting the attention of people who cannot afford to bestow more than ten or fifteen minutes upon the whole collection; but it is strong and rich in color, a marvel of good drawing, and in its general character as a work of art belittles everything in the galleries except the plaster copies of the mutilated Elgin Marbles in the sculpture room. It is of the same character as those immortal examples of true art, and as worthy the study and admiration of the lovers of art who are not influenced by the caprices of fashion.

Music.

Theodore Thomas is traveling about New England with his orchestra, and meeting, we are glad to say, with remarkable success. The well-trained critics of Boston, in particular, are free in their praises. *Dwight's Journal of Music* says: "We rejoice in the coming of this orchestra. It is just the kind of thing that we for years have longed for, in view of our own progress in art. We especially thank Mr. Thomas, first, for giving us a hearing, under the best advantages, of a number of works which were new to us, some of which can hardly claim a place in a classical programme; and therefore we are the more obliged to one who gratifies our cur

Our Young Folks.

THANKSGIVING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE nicest day of all the year,
So all the children say,
Is coming fast, is almost here—
It is Thanksgiving Day.

We go to grandpapa's, you know,
(Grandmother makes such pies!)
And all the cousins stand in row
According to their size.

Jack was the tallest boy last year,
But I'll be this, I bet;
And little May's the last of all,
No—baby's smaller yet.

Such a long table-full we make
When all the folks are seated,
And such a dinner we shall eat
Before the thing's completed.

And, after dinner's put away,
We play at games—such fun!
For all the grown-up people play,
Or almost every one.

Not grandmamma—she is too old;
But grandpa's young enough,
And you should see him fly about
In "spy" or "blind-man's-buff."

Even Rover tries to join the sport,
And barks and rushes round,
And when we get to "hide-and-seek"
He is the first one found.

And when we've tired ourselves quite out
With laughing and with play,
We all collect about the fire,
And grandma brings a tray

Of foaming cider, doughnuts crisp,
And apples ripe and rosy,
And hickory-nuts, and gingerbread,
And we are all so cosy.

And, last of all, dear grandpapa,
As bed-time draws more near,
Stands in the midst, and thanks the Lord
For all the happy year;

And asks Him to protect us still
In work-time and in play,
And let us all be here to keep
The next Thanksgiving Day.

Now don't you call that prime? and don't
You wish with all your powers
For every boy and girl alive
As nice a day as ours?

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN.

BY MRS. F. W. BEECHER.

DAVY was a tired little boy. He had thrown all his blocks into an imaginary river, and had heard the splash of them to his content; he had harnessed in the chairs, and driven them at the top of his strength; and, finally, with his bow and arrow his papa had made for him, he had shot the big white bear and the cruel snake which he called it—close to his mother's rocking-chair, while she had rocked on as smoothly and calmly as ever, in nowise disturbed. And now he was tired. In a dreamy way he sat upon the parlor carpet, busy as busy could be with his shoestrings, threading and unthreading, and tying up and tangling, as only three-year-old boys know how to do. Even this made him sigh dreadfully at last; so he got up and went and looked out at the window. The snow was softly falling outside. Davy was still so long that his mother had time to accomplish considerable with that little coat she was cutting out and making from an old dress of hers; had time to plan and fashion the sleeves and the pockets, and to think about what kind of buttons would suit it best, and to smile at the thought of her dear little boy inside it; and then to look around at him, brooding so earnestly and deeply at the window. "Are you looking at the snow, Davy?" "Yes, mamma. I think it looks like sugar." His mother smiled. "Yes," she said, quietly, "God makes it snow. It is so pretty. He makes everything for us, Davy."

"Where is he, mamma?"

"God? Why, God is a spirit, you know. He isn't in one place; he is everywhere. He knows all our thoughts, Davy. He is not as we are; he is a spirit." Davy's mother spoke with an unusually thoughtful accent, hardly as though she spoke to the child either, as she went on; for she paused with her work in her hand, and had to plan again where the little pocket must be placed. Then she pinned it down and patted it; then she thought, and went out upon the great immense distance of the track her own words had wakened.

"I aluz says my prayers to Him," said Davy, looking forth transparently from his pretty cloud of curls, and still watching the snow as it fell and clung here and there. "I aluz do."

"Yes," said his mother, "I know you do; and he always hears you, too. He always does that, Davy."

Davy said not a word more. Something in his stillness thrilled her, as she set her last stitch in the little garment, which was ready now, all but some fancy buttons she must get for it, and held it up to catch its *tout ensemble*. It only needed Davy, with his golden head, to perfect it; and she thought so. But she had been thrilled by something in his stillness, following so upon her words.

"Davy, see! This is your new coat, darling. Don't you want to come and look at it?"

"Why, don't you know," said Davy, quickly, and in a kind of tender reproachfulness, "I'm too busy. I'm busy 'hinking." His mother laughed. "Well, and haven't you been *'hinking* a good while, dear? Come, get your bowl and pipe and blow some bubbles. Or, should you like to sew a little? I know where your thimble is. You can sit in your rocking-chair close by mamma, and make—let me see, what can you make, Davy?"

"I will make a present," said Davy, coming forward suddenly; "a little bit o' shirt, so big"—measuring with his taper fingers.

"And who will you make it for, Davy?"

"Why, don't you know?" (extremely reproachful this time). "I must make a present for Uncle Bertie."

"Oh! I forgot," said Davy's mother; and fixed him off to make it, with his speck of a thimble, and a great needle with the thread all fastened in, and a square of blue cloth two inches across.

His earnestness as he worked at Uncle Bertie's shirt was a sight to behold. And though he bent over it, and doubled up his sweet forehead, and rocked a little hurriedly, to help himself on with his dreadfully jerking needle and thread, his questions were as wide from it sometimes and had as little to do with it as the sun or the moon.

"Mamma, don't you like my drum, hanging up there?"

"Yes, Davy, I think that is a very good place for it—close to papa's books."

He was pleased with the answer. So pleased that he drove another desperate stitch, and drew the shirt up into such a shape as made the last possibility of its ever looking like the ghost of one depart forever. Then he set a very conqueror of a red button on it, and sewed it so blackly and thickly on that it might have defied the very worst of wearing—had wearing been another of its possibilities, which it was not.

"Some little boys," said Davy solemnly, "never put away their playthings; and it plagues their mammas bery much. But I aluz do."

"Yes, Davy. All your toys, and tin cars, and pieces of wood, and your picture-books in the satchel, and hang up your drum and everything. I am so glad you do. It saves me so much trouble."

"Yes, I am so *glad*," repeated Davy. "Did papa make you that cutting-out board to cut things on?"

"Yes, dear. He had it made for me."

"I 'hink it is a buful board. Did he give you that board to cut out my clothes on?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh!" said Davy.

When his present was all done, he was so afraid of injuring it that he went with it, half on tiptoe, and deposited it on a shelf of the bookcase, much as Joe Gargery might have deposited his hat when he visited Pip in his city quarters—just at the edge. His mother promised that his Uncle Bertie should have it; but his interest in it began to cease. He went round touching and handling things delicately, and now and then saying something. But finally he climbed, rather laboriously, up on the sofa, and sat down, with a little sigh, and folded his patient hands.

"Mamma," said he, suddenly, "God is a spirit. Tell me all about it."

Again that swift arrow of pain went through her. "Davy," she said, standing up, a little paler, "let us play Captain—come."

He came down from the sofa in an instant—pleasant and glad and childish.

That was better. She put her work all out of sight. She touched the little coat—what was there in the touch that told her he might never wear it? "Davy, Davy, I will be the drummer. Come, darling, mamma will drum; mamma will do anything, Davy!" she cried out in clear, sharp, treble tones, trying to stir herself to enjoy the play with him, and to get rid of the dark shade in her thoughts. She put the faded string of the drum around her neck, and laughed, and beat upon it; and Davy laughed too, it was so funny to see his dear mamma. "You are the captain, you know. You must wear this." It was a tight fit on the golden head, that scarlet fez, with the broad black silken tassel bearing down one side of it. But he made a brilliant captain with it on, though it was out of harmony with his hair and his eyes—clean out of taste. The march began. The music was admirable. Along the hall, through the open doors, through the dining-room, through the parlor, round through the hall again—round, and round, and round again.

"Do I hold my head up right, mamma?"

"Yes, Davy."

"Does my coat fit tight and smooth?"

"I think it is splendid, Davy."

"Yes, I 'hink I have a splendid coat and belt," said Davy.

Through the hall, through the doors one and all, his head held up, his gun firm on his shoulder, his dazzling neck, his dazzling plumes of hair; and his mother drumming after him as gayly as might be.

Suddenly the Captain came to a pause, and fixed his mother with his clear, bright eye.

"Some little boys they are afraid; but I am not."

"Afraid, Davy? Why should you be? Afraid of what?"

"Why, don't you know I have to mind?" he said, with emphasis; and, wheeling round, was royally ready, as it seemed to her, for even that great pass over into the King's army.

Childhood is ever ready—so fresh, so clear, so trustful, so brave in beauty.

The next day Davy put his hand to his little throat.

"My heg aches," he said, "and my froat feels sore."

"Would you like a little piece of orange cut up?"

He thought he should; but he went in and lay down on his mamma's sofa.

"I want some tea in my little bit o' cup and saucer," said Davy.

"Well, darling."

"I want it brought in on the waiter, mamma, with a napkin."

"You shall have it, Davy, all fixed nice."

So his mamma spread a napkin on the waiter, made Davy's weak tea in his tiny china cup, set the sugar and orange and everything on, as she had it for herself when she was sick. That pleased him. He sat down before it in his small rocking-chair, and tried to taste a little; but he could not eat. So he lay down again; and presently his mamma brought his blocks and began to build beside him. He laughed merrily and scattered them. Then she brought his village—"billage" Davy called it—and set up the houses on the cutting-out board; and Davy laughed and picked out one little bit of a house, calling it Peria's house. Now Peria was the droll little ear-trumpet woman, who lived near by. Then his mother brought the picture-books, and told him about the new one she was going to get him before they went over the old one together, about the "Three little kittens who lost their bittens." Davy was humorous, and humorously pointed to the kittens' tails.

Then they talked about his little friend Robbie, and how he and Robbie should go out together soon, and pick dandelions, when the spring was come, in their little tin pails; and about Grandpa, and Grandma, and old gray Max, the family horse; and about his going fishing with papa in the warmer weather still, when Davy declared he would wear a blue flannel *fissing* shirt like papa's, and catch a *fis* as big as the top of the house. He seemed better; and, coming to interesting parts in their talks, would raise himself, full of expression. But by night Davy was worse.

What passed right here is better never, never told. Some remembrances there were to soothe her; but not many. "Four beautiful years," she had heard Davy's papa say with a smile to himself—"four beautiful years!" And she knew that some white doves had flown to the window and had beaten to come in, when her agony was new. She knew that the little Captain had to mind, and that he was ready, and that the last words were ——. But this is too true a story to ever have them told.

Sunday Schools.

We had the pleasure of attending the late meeting of the Wilson Industrial Mission, corner of Avenue A and St. Mark's Place, Mrs. Sturgis presided very gracefully and made the financial report. The new building, which is as yet but partially occupied, containg a chapel, capable of seating 250 to 300 persons, parlor, kitchen, school-rooms, etc. It cost $84,000, including repairs, and is owned by the lady managers, with an incumbrance of only about $12,000. This enterprise was inaugurated some 15 years ago and was the first of the kind in the city, and has proved itself one of the best and most efficient of our missionary agencies, wisely combining industrial and religious training, teaching dressmaking and housekeeping as well as Christ and salvation, and not neglecting to provide hungry children with a good dinner or a houseless girl with a night's refuge. It is said to be the completest institution of the kind in the world. The Sunday-school and prayer-meeting services developed into a church, organized in June, 1867, with 33 members, on the simple basis of the apostolic creed, under the care of an advisory committee of ministers of some four denominations. They now have a pastor, Rev. Mr. Hall, and also a Bible-reader. The report made only the slightest incidental mention of the very efficient Sunday school, which has been carried on for the past 5 years, at large expense, by Dr. Crosby's people, under the general care of the N. Y. Sunday School Union, and which has been a most efficient ally of the mission—an oversight which these excellent ladies will gladly rectify. Rev. Drs. John Cotton Smith, Howard Crosby, and R. R. Booth and Rev. Mr. Mingins took part in the exercises.

....We know very many Sunday school superintendents who would make most excellent and competent members of Congress. But members of Congress competent to be Sunday school superintendents are not so plenty. Hon. J. S. Bird, M. C., from Hunterdon County, N. J., is the fit superintendent of the Presbyterian school of Flemington, and the right man in the right place. We attended the anniversary of this school Oct 31st. The home and mission schools filled the large church. Your correspondent addressed the large audience, and also a large union meeting of teachers at the Baptist church in the evening. Hunterdon is one of the finest counties of New Jersey, beautifully rolling, and productive of peaches and all manner of fruits. Flemington is the county seat, and a very pleasant village; and we spent there a pleasant Sabbath, and listened to a most instructive sermon in the morning by Rev. Geo. S. Mott, pastor of the Presbyterian church. Pleasant and attractive as is Mr. Mott's present pastorate, we predict for him at no distant day a wider and more important field of usefulness.

....One condition of the highest success in the conduct of a Sunday school is a light, cheerful, well-furnished room; and if the walls can be hung with beautiful pictures, so much the better. In the absence of pictures, the next best thing is a collection of Prang's Illuminated Sunday School Cards, neatly framed and hung on the walls, displaying to teachers and scholars in beautiful letters such passages from the Bible as "God is Love," "The Lord is my Shepherd," "Love One Another," etc. Even a dingy room may be made quite attractive by this means and at a very small expense. There are some 25 of these cards, and they may be arranged in such a way as to present a very beautiful appearance; and the precepts which they display are precisely those best calculated to make a deep impression upon the minds of children. L. Prang & Co., art publishers of Boston, will gladly send a list of these cards, with the prices attached, to any one applying for them.

....We regret to know of the illness of Richard Amerman, superintendent of the 39th-street mission, one of the best of our city schools; also to hear that Rev. W. H. Clarke, the pastor, has accepted a call to the new mission in 54th street, near 7th avenue. But the new enterprise will gain a faithful and efficient pastor, and we trust will soon become a self-sustaining church. The missions in 29th street, 54th street, and Knox Memorial, in 9th avenue, have each fine chapels, built by the collegiate churches, and are all very successful. Knox Memorial is about to call a pastor. E. B. Monroe, of the firm of Ball, Black & Co., is the superintendent.

...."A national organ," writes a prominent Sunday school man of the Northwest, "is an obvious want, and one that ought not to be long unsupplied. There are 500,000 Sunday school teachers and four to five millions of scholars in this country. The rapid advances made in the cause creates the demand." We are happy to announce that such a Sunday school organ, to be called the *Sunday School Workman*, is to be started in this city. The first number will probably be issued during the current month. We understand that the enterprise has a substantial financial basis, and to be in charge of Rev. Alfred Taylor, assisted by some of the best of our Sunday school writers.

....The Anniversary and Institute of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held at Columbus, Ohio, commencing Nov. 2d, and was largely attended. Rev. Dr. Pierce, Rev. J. H. Vincent, and other prominent Sunday school workers were in attendance. Fraternal telegraphic messages were exchanged with the Baptist convention at St. Louis.

....The National Baptist Sunday School Convention, commencing Nov. 2d, at St. Louis, Wm. Phelps, of New York, chairman, was largely attended. Twenty-seven states were represented. Five hundred delegates were present the first day. H. Thane Miller presided at the concluding festival on Thursday evening.

Scientific.

SOME geologists assert that the earth has been for many thousands of millions of years slowly undergoing its various changes till it has reached its present state. An argument made by Sir William Thomson against this idea is drawn from the statement that the earth's motion is and must be running down at a definite rate. The earth revolves from west to east with a definite velocity and momentum. But the tides are constantly moving from east to west, thus producing a retarding friction on the oceanbeds. Prof. Thomson calculates that from this tidal retardation the earth suffers a loss of 22 seconds of angular retardation in a century, or an increase of 1,467 seconds of time in the length of a hundred years. Now the shape of the earth varies from complete spericity by amount of bulging at the equator caused by the centrifugal forces generated by its rotation. Prof. Thomson calculates that this centrifugal force was 3 per cent. greater ten million years ago than now, and the earth might then have been consolidated into nearly its present form. But if consolidation had taken place ten billion years ago the centrifugal force must have been twice as great as now, and the earth could not have assumed its present shape.

....Mr. R. A. Proctor, an English astronomer, brings forward arguments to show that the irresolvable nebulæ are not much if any further distant than portions of our own stellar system, and that the Milky Way, the visible stars, and these nebulæ actually belong to a single system, and that the generally received theory that the Galaxy is one of a system of nebulæ is not true. He shows that sprays and currents of the Milky Way often seem to be connected with stars, so that they are very likely composed of much less brilliant bodies, at about the same distance. He also mentions the fact that all around the Magellanic Clouds there is a remarkable dearth of stars, as if they had been drained into those two Nabeculæ, a circumstance quite inexplicable on any theory which supposes them to be much more distant than the stars nearest them. He suggests that some centers may be surrounded by multitudes of comets, which may form the mass of the regular nebulæ.

....It is a valuable suggestion for those who are compelled to do their gardening in dry, hot parlors, made by Mr. Robinson, an English horticultural writer, that if we select handsome leaved plants of *a leathery texture*, accustomed to withstand the fierce heats of hot countries, we shall find that the dry and dusty air of a living-room is not at all injurious to them, and that it is quite easy to keep them in health for months and even for years in the same apartments. Such plants as *Ficus Elastica, Dracæna terminalis*, or even a palm, are recommended for this purpose. Palms neglected for weeks yet seem to thrive abundantly. Such orchids as *Cattleya, Vanda, Cypripedium* succeed well with this treatment.

....A writer in the *Overland Monthly* describes ice-caves not far from Dalles, Oregon, consisting of channels hundreds of feet long, through which streams of lava passed at a remote period. Those caves which contain ice are connected at both ends with the open air, and in winter the cold currents freeze the water which drops from the surface to the bottom, forming a thick mass of solid ice; while in summer the current of air is refrigerated at one end by the melting ice, so that it does not melt to any great extent at the other end.

....In his volume of Vesuvius, Professor Phillips says that the crystallization of granite as it forms from the molten state would cause sufficient expansive force to be evident in the elevation of large portions of the earth's surface, and that the formation of a thickness of less than 14 feet of granite in a century would be sufficient to produce the steady elevation of Scandinavia, which is taking place.

....It is said that experiments were lately made at the Botanic Garden, London, to see how much weight one of the smaller leaves of the "Victoria Regia" would sustain. It bore 426 pounds before sinking. The leaf is exceedingly large, and the edges are turned up like the sides of a boat.

....We have received several further communications on the subject of the Onondaga Giant, but as no definite decision has been rendered as to its authenticity we wait for the result.

Foreign Gleanings.

THE O'Donoghue has written a letter condemning the violent tone of those who are clamoring for the release of the imprisoned Fenians, and declaring that he is convinced that the English Government would be quite willing to liberate the prisoners but for the bullying of the "heartless spouters" who are now agitating the country. This is a spirited thing of the O'Donoghue, for he undoubtedly will forfeit much if not all of his popularity in Ireland by such language. The O'Donoghue is a devoted admirer of John Bright, who for his part regards the brilliant young Irishman with warm friendship. The friendship is a singular one, for no two men could be more unlike than the simple, pure, austere statesman and the reckless, gifted, ruined "Prince of the Lakes"—the Irish Adonis, with perfumed locks, who ran through his own and his wife's property in one or two of what Carlyle would call "resplendent years," and first distinguished himself in the House of Commons by challenging Sir Robert Peel (the living scamp, not the dead statesman) to fight a duel.

....A highwayman of the regular old-fashioned style has just made his appearance near Cambridge in England. He was mounted on a horse, wore a black mask, and presented a pistol quite like a new Claude Duval. He stopped one or two carriages and forced the occupants to give him some money. One man whom he challenged declared himself to be very poor, whereupon the magnanimous robber bade him go his way. The English police, however, don't care about romance, and they pitilessly incarcerated this heroic anachronism. It seems that this new Paul Clifford is not by any means insane, and that he is a young man of some education and respectable connections.

....One of the charges lately made by the *Pays*, of Paris, against Prince Napoleon is that he lacks "the military tastes which are necessary to a sovereign of France." As if the military tastes of sovereigns had not always been the ruin and curse of France! If it could be only proved for certain that Prince Napoleon, would show no military tastes, his accession ought to be prayed for by all France, all Europe. But it is by no means assured that Prince Napoleon would have the pacific tastes ascribed to him. He advocated war on Russia in favor of Poland, and war on Austria in favor of Italy.

....Jules Janin, the French critic and author, says that when the Temple of Diana at Ephesus was burnt down there were found in the ruins the arms of Achilles, a copy of the *Iliad*, and an exquisite cameo of Diana's nymphs. But in the ruins of the Paris Hippodrome, recently burnt down, there were found, he remarks, only a pair of stays, a few *chignons*, and a peacock's feather. We may say here, what even saucy Janin would hardly say in Paris, that if the Second Empire itself were to burst up, little would be found among its ashes but a half-molten Chassepot bullet, a pair of stays, and a peacock's feather.

....The correspondent of an influential American newspaper states that Lord Palmerston never visited Liverpool, the greatest English seaport, until the year before his death, and comments on the singular indifference and ignorance such a fact must indicate as existing among English statesmen. The illustration might be valuable if it were only true; but then it isn't. How often Palmerston may have visited Liverpool, or how much he knew about it, we can not tell; but the writer of these lines certainly met Lord Palmerston in Liverpool some ten or a dozen years ago.

....At the inauguration of the monument to Leigh Hunt, lately, in Kensal Green Cemetery, London (where Tom Hood and Thackeray are lying), no man of any distinction, except Lord Houghton, was present. A few journalists and literary men of the rank and file of the profession attended; but Dickens, Tennyson, Bulwer-Lytton, Browning, and all the literary chiefs sent letters of apology. Lord Houghton commented somewhat sharply on this remarkable fact.

....The Empress of the French is determined to steam through the Suez Canal in the imperial yacht. The captain of the yacht mildly pleads that as yet the canal has not water enough for the Empress's vessel. The Empress says she doesn't care about that—she is resolved to go through anyhow. If it is possible it must be done, and if it is impossible she will do it.

....Earl Russell is about to spend the winter in Italy. At last we presume his lordship considers himself shelved.

Pebbles.

CLERGYMEN do not always get very well remunerated in Indiana. Not long ago a minister in Clay County, whose salary was exceedingly small, having long been kept in his field of labor by inability to scrape together enough money to get away, succeeded in effecting a loan at a distance and took his departure. The people then determined to treat their next minister well. They engaged the Rev. Mr. Montgomery to preach for four parishes united in one—the clergyman to go from town to town, preaching once in each place on every other Sunday. For this labor he was to have three hundred dollars salary. In order to help him still more, they offered to quarter the new minister and his wife with a family which needed a servant, but was not able to pay any wages, and allow Mrs. Montgomery to pay for her board by her work. This manifestation of esteem was too much for the minister, and he determined to seek a livelihood elsewhere.

....Fanny Fern thinks "there is no man who would not rather be shaved by a woman than to have a great lumbering man pawing about his jugular vein, and poking him in the ribs to get up when another man's turn came. I don't say how his wife might like it, but I am very sure *he* would; and as to *his* wife, why, she could shave some other man, couldn't she?" Again, says Fanny: "I never saw a sick man yet who didn't behave like an overgrown baby, or inspire everybody in the house to pray either for his speedy recovery or his early translation." Another remark by Fanny, viz.: "It always appeared to me that anybody, male or female, who handled so much information as printers do, and after all turned out fools, were sure to be the worst kind of fools."

....A certain doctor was apt to quarrel with his wife. Returning from a professional visit, he was overtaken by a terrible storm. A return hearse came up, going homeward. Any port in a storm. The doctor crept in, with pall and plumes for his companions. The hearse stopped at the door; the lady looked out. "Who have you got there, coachman?" "The doctor, madam." "Well, thank heaven for granting me resignation! So the poor man has gone to his long home at last." "Thank you, my love," said the doctor, getting out of the hearse, "for your kind regards fro my safety."

....The editor of the Lee *Chronicle* thus pleasantly chronicles a little domestic episode: "In this town, October 22d, a female candidate for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup to James Harding, editor of this paper. Tonnage ten pounds. This little incident suggests a conundrum: What is the difference between editorial and matrimonial experience? In the former the devil cries for 'copy'; in the latter the 'copy' cries like the devil."

...."Nine, sir," observed a social scourge. "I can speak nine languages distinctly; but my father, when alive, could speak no less than fifteen." "Ah!" remarked Douglas Jerrold. "I knew a man who could speak five-and-twenty; and he never said anything worth hearing in any one of them."

....A gentleman being asked by a clergyman why he did not attend the evening prayer-meeting, said he could not leave the children. "Why, have you no servants?" "Yes," he replied, "we have two servants, who keep the house and board us; we are allowed few privileges."

....A lady, out with her little boy and girl, bought the boy a rubber balloon, which escaped him, and flew up in the air. The girl, seeing tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven you'll git it."

...."Oh dear!" blubbered an urchin, still smarting under a recent application of birch, "perhaps forty rods *do* make a furlong; but golly! I'm sure one rod makes an achey."

Current Religious Views.

FATHER HYACINTHE.

Father Hyacinthe has addressed the following letter to the American translator of his sermons:

To Rev. LEONARD W. BACON, Brooklyn:

REVEREND SIR:—I am as much gratified as surprised at the honor you are disposed to do to the few discourses I have published in Europe. Some of them are actually the production of my pen; but these are very few, and relate to circumstances of time and place which I fear will have no interest for American readers. The others, more important in their subject, since they are part of the course of conferences instituted at Notre Dame by the Archbishop of Paris, are extant only in detached parts, taken down hastily in shorthand, and the gaps filled by an imperfect summary.

I should have been glad, I acknowledge, if I could have brought to America something less unworthy of the sympathy with which I have been received here, and which I shall always reckon among the greatest honors and the purest joys of my life.

Such as they are, however, I commit these rude productions to the indulgence of your readers. Frenchman and Catholic as I am, I present them, through your hands, to that great American Republic of which you are a citizen, to those numerous and flourishing Protestant churches of which you are a minister.

I am proud of my France; but I deem it one of its most solid glories to have contributed to the independence of this noble country, which it has never ceased to love and which it shall some day learn to imitate. A people with whom liberty is something else than a barren theory or a bloody practice; with whom the sense of honor is never confounded with that of revolution, and never divorced from that of religion; and who, rearing under all forms and all denominations the houses of prayer amid the houses of commerce and finance, crowns its noisy and productive week with the sweetness and majesty of its Lord's day. And on the seventh day it ends the work which it has done, and rests the seventh day from all its work which it has made."

I remain faithful to my Church; and, if I have lifted up my protest against the excesses which dishonor it and seem bent on its ruin, you may measure the intensity of my love for it by the bitterness of my lamentation. When He who is in all things our master and our example armed himself with the scourge of cords against the profaners of the Temple, his disciples remembered that it was written: "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up." I continue faithful to my Church, but I am none the less sensible of the interest which will be taken in other churches in what I may say or do within the pale of Catholicism. Furthermore, I have never believed that the Christian communions separated from Rome were altogether out of the Holy Ghost, and without a part in the immense work of the preparation of the kingdom of God. In my relations with some of the most pious and the most learned of their members, I have experienced in those depths of the soul where illusion is impossible the unutterable blessing of the communion of saints. Whatever divides us externally in space and time vanishes like a dream before that which unites us within—the grace of the same God, the blood of the same Christ, the hopes of the same eternity. Whatever our prejudices, our alienations, or our irritations, under the eye of God who sees the what is, and who, under His hand which leadeth us whither we would not go, we are all laboring in common for the upbuilding of that Church of the future which shall be the reconciliation of its original purity and beauty; but shall have, beside the depth of its analysis, the breadth of its synthesis, the experience of its feuds, its struggles, and its griefs through all these centuries.

In the sad days of schism and captivity the Word of the Lord came to the prophet Ezekiel (chap. xxxvii.): "Son of man, take thee one stick and write upon it, 'For Judah and for the children of Israel, his companions'; then take another stick and write upon it, 'For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim and all the house of Israel, his companions'; and join them one to another into one stick, and they shall become one in thy hand."—Ezekiel xxxvii., 1—17.

To me, likewise, who am the least of Christians, in those visions of the soul which are never refused to our devout aspirations, the Lord has spoken. He has placed in my hand these two sundered and withered branches—Rome and the children of Israel who follow her; the churches of the Reformation and the nations that are with them. I have pressed them together on my heart, and under the outpourings of my tears and prayers I have so joined them that henceforth they might make but one tree. But men have laughed to scorn my effort, seemingly so mad, and have asked of me, as of that ancient seer: "Wilt thou not show us what thou meanest by these things?" (Ezekiel xxxvii., 18.) And I, looking upon that tree that seems still barren and mutilated, even now behold the brilliant flower and the savory fruit.

"One God, one faith, one baptism.
And there shall be one flock and one shepherd."

BROTHER HYACINTHE.

HIGHLAND FALLS, ALL SOUL'S DAY, Nov. 2, 1869.

UNIVERSALISM.

The Universalist denomination was planted in this country in 1770, and will therefore celebrate its first centenary next year. At a meeting held in the Church of the Divine Paternity (Dr. Chapin pastor), a short time since, to make arrangements for the due observance of the anniversary, Hon. Horace Greeley made a brief address, the report of which, corrected by him at our request, is subjoined:

Mr. Greeley said that he had always protested and always should protest against any conception of Universalism, or of the Universalist people, which regards them as a sect; for a sect is a body of people who, by making themselves a sect, proclaim themselves better than other Christians, and as holding a faith which enables them to say or justifies them in saying to others, "Stand by thyself. You are not worthy to come into our association." Now, then, the Universalists never said that. They never desired to be separated from the great body of Christians. If they are standing to-day, as they did not formerly, outside of the Orthodox communion, it is the pleasure of their adversaries that they shall do so, and in no respect a result of their own choice. There certainly was a time in the history of the Christian Church when the greatest and the most honored apostles of that church were open and avowed in the proclamation of their conviction, as well as their hope, that, in the providence of God, all souls should at length be reconciled unto their Father and Judge. There came a darker age for Christianity, in which this sentiment was condemned; and its preaching, as a Christian doctrine, was forbidden. What then? The light, though smothered, was not entirely hid. Excommunicated, denounced, anathematized by popes and prelates, the faith was still cherished, and hope was still an anchor to the soul. But the Reformation came in due time, and then came a fresh assertion of this truth. As it became more distinctly proclaimed, churches saw fit to cut us off and condemn the doctrine we love. Therefore, we are ouside of their organization by their choice wholly. There is to-day a great deal of talk about Christian Union. Our eminent friend, Henry Ward Beecher, has become the editor of a journal which advocates Christian union. On that basis I am willing to join with Christian has a right to read the Bible for himself, and believe its teachings as he understands them. If he should lose his faith in Christ, and no longer regard him as a teacher sent from God, why, of course, he puts himself outside of any Christian organization; but so long as he believes in Jesus of Nazareth as the Son of God, and testifies that he was sent to be the Saviour of the world, so long he is a Christian, and we know no reason for shutting him out of the communion with other Christians. If the world has an idea that we make belief in our view of the Christian scheme of salvation essential to membership in our church, then the world is mistaken, and ought to be corrected. We never had any such barrier or limitation of fellowship, and never shall have. The speaker then gave an instance of a Sunday school that was established in this city a year ago; that many of the best young men and women of that neighborhood came into the school as teachers. At first nothing was said about sect or views; but after a while it was deemed expedient to circulate a creed or declaration, whereby each teacher was required to affirm that he believed if people did not repent and become members of the church they would be eternally lost. So the Universalist teachers were turned out of the Sunday school which they had aided to build up. They didn't complain, but simply went out. It must be understood that the exclusiveness was not on our side, but on the other.

The faith by which we are distinguished was not first proclaimed on this continent a hundred years ago, as our anniversary might seem to indicate. It had been previously made known, if not in the intimations of Robinson, leader of the Mayflower party, certainly in the writings of Drs. Chauncey and Mayhew, two Congregational clergymen in Boston; as also by Huntington, an Episcopal clergyman, who resided at Norwich. But in the year 1770, Mr. Murray came here, the first distinct, unequivocal, special, absolute proclaimer of the truth whereby we are distinctly known. Hence we date the foundation of our body from his preaching in the year 1770; and the year 1870, consequently, is regarded as our centenary, and we hope to make it memorable by some effort, some sacrifice, some achievement, on the part of our people, to make the truth which they affirm more generally known. But we do not measure the progress of this truth by the number of our churches or preachers, nor by the number of persons who formally adhere to our sect. Not at all. Our progress is seen in the general melioration of Christian sentiment, in the enlargement of Christian liberality, and a deeper infusion of love and good-will to all men into the general body of Christianity. Our views have modified all sects. There is no such preaching heard now as was heard even so late as the time of Jonathan Edwards. Such sermons as he preached—and he was probably the ablest Calvinistic divine that America ever saw—would not be borne by congregations now. Such hideous pictures of tortures and agonies in the future state would repel them from the God who could be so savage and inhuman. I say, then, our success is to be measured by the progress which our thought is making in modifying the views of the entire Christian body. It is seen in the tottering to its fall of the gallows, in the humaner sentiment which now dictates mercy to defeated and insurgent rebels, and in everything which indicates the going out of vengeance as a part of the machinery of government. We are advocates of this truth, hoping that the time will come when all Christians will have embraced it, and when we, no longer pointed out as Universalists, shall be simply so many Christians among others, and all making war upon heathenism and darkness, cruelty, idolatry, and iniquity, and no longer making war upon each other.

ENGLISH "PERVERTS."

Peter Bayne, of England, (Baptist), in one of his very readable letters to the *Watchman and Reflector*, after speaking of Dollinger, Hyacinthe, and Dr. Newman as Catholics of extraordinary ability, but opposed to the "babyish delusions" of the Ultramontane party, says:

"A very important and curious circumstance it is that, while first-class intellect rebels against falsehood, however cunningly disguised, second-rate intellect takes often the greatest delight in submitting itself to plausible falsehood. Most of those English 'perts' who have for the last quarter of a century been cheering the souls of Romanists by their desertion from Protestantism are of this second yet superior order. They have fine feelings, no end of beautiful sentiments, mild and kindly tempers, ingenious minds—everything except *strength* either of brain or heart. No simplest, pricst, and king of such amiable, plausible, fair-spoken, sentimentally-devout persons is our Archbishop Manning, Roman Catholic prelate of Westminster. The other day, arrayed in purple and ermine, he discoursed upon the obligation of the Pope to resist 'Liberalism, Progress, and Modern Civilization.' Only think of that. We used to hear that 'man made the country, but God made the town.' Archbishop Manning would, it seems, have us believe that the Devil made Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, invented the printing-press, and laid the Atlantic Telegraph; but that God made the Papacy. Mr. Carlyle says that some people are profound blockheads without having the least idea of it. I wonder whether it is possible to blaspheme by mistake. That Archbishop Manning does not mean to speak blasphemy I am perfectly aware; but really I do not know how to characterize the assertion that all the beauty and beneficence wherewith modern civilization glorifies God are in opposition to the Church of Christ, except by saying that it savors of blasphemy."

Publisher's Department.

A FEW weeks since we alluded to the sewing machines on exhibition at the American Institute Fair.

The final award of the committee was a "First Medal and Diploma" to the Weed Machine—a well-deserved award, and one we trust will have the effect of still further convincing the people that this Weed Sewing Machine is not excelled by any other in the world.

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2d. Simplicity.
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MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLOBALSAMUM, a clear, transparent preparation for the Hair, without sediment. Ladies and children whose Hair requires no Restorer find this far superior to pomades. Sold by all Druggists.

HAVING seen many specimens of painting done with the Averill Chemical Paint, in various sections of the country, and having lately examined the magnificent villa of Hugh McKay, Esq., on Bergen Heights, New Jersey, also the residence of F. W. Carpenter, at Rye, N. Y., both of which will well repay one a visit to inspect, and see how really beautiful this paint is, we cannot again resist calling the attention of our readers and friends who are in need of a superior article to the advertisement of the Averill Chemical Paint Co., which may be found in our columns.

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NEW YORK.

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, November 11, 1869.

MR. PEABODY'S EXAMPLE.

It is so recently that we laid before our readers a narrative of Mr. Peabody's career that we do not deem it necessary to make his death an occasion of rehearsing his biography. Let us rather point to the chief important lesson of his life. We do not refer to the industry and skill with which he built up his colossal fortune—for no longer is it a novelty in this commercial age to see merchants as rich as kings; we mean, rather, the rare prudence which, in view of his death, led him to become not the maker only, but also the executor, of his will. His example in this particular is so worthy of the imitation of other rich men that it ought to be enforced upon their attention. He did not, like a miser, selfishly hold fast to every cent till the hour of death; and then, when generosity ceased to be a virtue, bequeath it to an angry crowd of heirs, quarreling over his will. With his own hand, and under his own eye, he distributed his great possessions according to his best judgment, and with so royal a charity that one thinks of it as of the largesse of an oriental prince. It is this act of Mr. Peabody's life that he is to be most praised for performing. We cannot disguise from ourselves, in surveying his character, a certain unlovely coldness and selfishness which for many years prompted him eagerly to amass, and grudgingly to disburse his abundant means. Nor can we pay any warm tribute to the patriotism of an American who during the war against the rebellion divided his meager sympathy equally between slavery and liberty. But let us be just, and say that the closing years of Mr. Peabody's life greatly redeemed the too commercial spirit of his previous career, and presented him in a new and admired character to the people of two nations. Indeed, he made himself a blessing to his race. Hundreds and thousands of the poor, the ignorant, and the unfortunate have lately had occasion to speak his name with gratitude. A century may pass before such another philanthropist may appear. More than his statue can honor him, his illustrious benefactions will keep his name green and fragrant for generations. And the most beautiful recollection which can ever be associated with these princely gifts is that the hand that made them during his life, and did not wait until his fortune should be sundered into fragments by the inevitable stroke of death.

THE LOST BATTLE.

Why has the Republican party of the Empire State been beaten? Not because of the systematic frauds of Democratic repeaters—for these, though considerable, might have been overborne by the sturdy freemen of the interior; not because of popular discontent with the Administration—for President Grant had shown himself worthy of Republican endorsement; not because of an adverse political tide of opinion in other parts of the country—for the hitherto doubtful states of Pennsylvania and Ohio had renewed their allegiance by decisive majorities; but (to speak the plain truth) because the leaders of the party in this state had forfeited the public confidence and exhausted the patience of the rank and file.

The late legislature was the most corrupt body ever convened outside the City Hall Park. The speaker of the assembly—who is rated higher than his fellows, because not suspected of accepting pecuniary bribes—is, nevertheless, believed to have bartered the committee-places in his gift for votes for his candidate for United States senator. His committees, when formed, were understood to be marketable; and the votes given by the two houses for all sorts of "jobs," culminating in the passage of the New York tax levy of infamous memory, exhibited a defiance of public opinion and an inordinate greed of gain so plainly as to excite the indignant contempt of thousands of honest men throughout the state.

The State Convention met in September. It opened auspiciously. Mr. Jno. A. Griswold, an upright and estimable man, was its president. His speech on taking the chair was manly, dignified, and thoroughly in harmony with the principles of integrity and economy which have characterized the Administration of President Grant. The nominations for state officers were, with a single exception, unobjectionable. But in the formation of the state committee no regard was paid even to appearances. Of the six city members placed upon it, two were men who had enriched themselves in the capacity of supervisors by such schemes of plunder as the "Court House," "New York Printing Co.," and kindred enterprises which had made that body a byword and hissing throughout the state. A third was tainted by his complicity with the Fort Gansevoort and West Washington Market jobs, whereof our taxpayers have indignant remembrances. Any ticket put forward under such auspices would have been received with fatal distrust.

Then, too, the legislative nominations throughout the state were infelicitous. Two or three senatorial districts were literally thrown away by injudicious nominations. Some of the worst members of the last assembly were presented for re-election. There was no such general and accordant sentiment in favor of honesty as was needed to call out a full and hearty support from the party.

In the City of New York several conspicuously bad nominations were made. The only county officer we could possibly elect was the supervisor. For that post a man was named who was growing fat on the ill-gotten spoils of three offices, and who was unworthy of either. In the only senatorial district where we had the remotest chance of success a hoary veteran of the Albany lobby was presented for Republican suffrages. Of course, the district was thrown away.

In short, the state was lost by the misconduct of the leaders of the Republican forces. It can only be regained by the substitution of better men, and by a pronounced and determined crusade against official malfeasance. By that sign we can conquer. We need a reconstruction of the party—a complete change in the machinery of organization—the adoption of a rigid standard of integrity as the indispensable qualification for every place of honor or emolument in the gift of the Republican party.

Horace Greeley's honored name lent to the ticket the chief weight which it possessed; but he appeared on the stage like a solitary "star actor," unsupported by a competent company. As a specimen ticket for the next campaign, we hope to see Mr. Greeley running for governor, and every candidate on the ticket his equal, if not in ability, at least in honesty. Only in this way will the Empire State regain its lost empire.

SAINTE-BEUVE.

A purer literary fame no man ever left behind him than that which Sainte-Beuve, the great French critic, whose ashes have just been laid in earth, has bequeathed to his country and to the world. He was beyond all comparison the first critic of his age. Nay, this praise does not adequately describe his position. Ought we not rather to say that he was the only critic of his age? Was there any other man, in France, in England, in Germany, in America, anywhere, who during Sainte-Beuve's time made criticism a high art, a life's study, a calling to which his intellect, his energy, and his heart were sacredly devoted? We surely think not. Criticism has almost altogether ceased to be a high and special calling of late. In England and the United States it will not pay any man to give up his life and intellect to such a vocation. It did not pay Sainte-Beuve, probably, in the pecuniary sense; but he was a man whose modest, quiet ways called for little expenditure and no display. Moreover, in England and in America there is not that high and serious sense of the importance and dignity of art and letters which would tempt a man of great intellect to give himself up altogether to the business of reviewing books. Therefore, here and in England everybody writes critiques, and there is no critic. Criticism is not a vocation, but only an avocation. In France Sainte-Beuve was a great man and a great influence. In England or in America the public in general would have known nothing about him; and, if he wanted to live and pay his way, he must have made novel-writing or political writing his regular business and criticism his occasional relaxation.

No one who has any knowledge of Sainte-Beuve's writings can ever forget their healthful, delightful influence. The very slightest of his criticisms was itself a work of art. They were probably done with exquisite and infinite care; but the impression they made upon the reader was that they must have flowed from the pen of the author as freely as the stream from its source. They were luminous as light itself. Never was a mind more absolutely free from prejudice than that of Sainte-Beuve. There has been hardly any eminent critic of our day whose personality did not flavor and suffuse everything he wrote. Macaulay was always the bold and brilliant advocate of some preconceived opinion. Matthew Arnold sometimes degrades criticism into the mincing, dandiprat lisp of a literary Lord Foppington. The English critics of the past generation—Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, Wilson and Lockhart, Gifford and Croker—were only intellectual gladiators engaged on this or that side of a set question. Sainte-Beuve tried every work of art upon its own merits. Literature for him knew neither sect nor sex, neither political party nor personal friendship. He was, however, essentially a loving critic. He delighted to bring to the light hidden beauties, to fulfill and reveal half-developed thoughts. "Slashing" criticism would in general have seemed to Sainte-Beuve a worthless and vulgar misuse of his position and his powers. As a rule, he only criticised works which were worthy to be known and read; unless a worthless thing or an imposture were very noisy, successful, and dangerous, he allowed it to pass unnoticed into final silence and shadow. Perhaps it is for this reason that certain robust minds of an aggressive and controversial turn find sometimes a lack of earnestness in Sainte-Beuve. They do not understand that with some natures earnestness shows itself in the form of serenity and sweetness. The Greek Pallas-Athene is not seen in the attitude of a wrestler, but in calm self-control and repose. "I was once a Greek!" exclaims Beranger in one of his songs. The exclamation might have come more fittingly from Sainte-Beuve. He might have been a Greek. He had all that pure, serene love of beauty and desire for perfection in art, which with the Greek was nearly a religion and which sometimes seemed almost to purify even Paganism itself.

Judged by the laws of his own art, and of the profession of criticism, which he ennobled, Sainte-Beuve must be regarded as one whose career was entirely pure and exemplary. But we certainly shall not pretend to think that his career as a man can be thus completely and brightly summed up. It is but just to say that Sainte-Beuve was what nine out of every ten men taken anywhere would call an infidel. The word is, indeed, a very coarse and inapt description of Sainte-Beuve; but it is the word which the general voice of English and American opinion would apply to him. The truer way of describing his religious position would be to say that in the France of his time Sainte-Beuve found no dogmatic exposition of faith which could satisfy his intellect and his heart; and he, therefore, with characteristic calmness, drew back from the controversy, and awaited patiently the enlightenment which sometime was sure to come. We cannot judge Sainte-Beuve without thinking of his surroundings; and it is hard indeed for a keen, pure intellect and a lofty, serene soul to find congeniality or comfort in that which presents itself as religion in the France of our time. It is not infidelity o refuse to believe in the false gods that are around one, even though he may fail to see and know the Truth that shines outside and above. Certainly Sainte-Beuve never willfully closed his eyes or his soul against the knowledge of that truth; let us believe that he has found and knows it now. His private life was not always without its failings—its one failing, at least. They who know anything of the condition of society in Paris, and of its code of social morals, will hardly need to be told what that failing was. Even in this, however, Sainte-Beuve was better than his time and his surroundings, and he was an unmarried man, "gifted with rare gifts, and" in his younger days "tried by strong temptations." If we allude at all to such errors of past years, it is only because we are convinced that the duty of a journalist, when summing up the life and character of a great man, is not indeed to grope and rake for hidden scandals in the cesspools of private gossip, but to describe the great man honestly and truthfully, as his friends knew him. Sainte-Beuve was not perfect; but he had a great heart, an incorruptible integrity, a generous hand, an earnest devotion to his calling, and the finest critical genius the world has seen since Lessing and Goethe and Coleridge ceased to write.

LIGHT IN THE EAST.

A truly conservative Mussulman—and we presume that such must yet survive—who looks back to the good old times before the Turks were *breeched*, or had exchanged the traditional turban for the fez, has had many things happen within his lifetime to grieve his soul. He has survived the blessed days when a Jew or a Christian had no rights a Turk was bound to respect; when he could kick one of either of these breeds of dogs into the gutter, or even try his newly-bought scimetar or dagger upon them, *experimentum in corpore vile*, without molestation or being made afraid. He has seen the Commander of the Faithful hobnobbing in champagne with infidel monarchs, intoxicating himself with French brandy, wearing the Cross of St. George as a Knight of the Garter, giving balls to fair unbelievers, and admitting Christians and we believe even Jews to the council-board of his ministers. He has seen for the first time in history the successor of the Prophet waiting infidel countries, not at the head of his armies, to compel them to bow to the crescent and accept the true faith on the field of victory, but as a guest in the palaces and at the tables of Christian princes, by whose help alone, and for their own purposes, he is kept upon his throne.

All this were bad enough; but worse remains behind. These changes, though really most significant, appeared but to touch on the surface of things. But the latest law of which we have heard as promulgated by the Sultan strikes much deeper, and will reach to the very roots of Moslem institutions, if fully carried out. We mean the law lately announced ordering a system of public instruction for Turkey. This system provides for two classes of schools—primary ones and high schools, as we should call them. Attendance at the primary schools is compulsory, and the methods are prescribed by which parents shall be compelled to send their children to them. These are class schools, and are distinct for the Mohammedans and the Christians. But the higher schools, which are intended to prepare pupils for the lyceums, a higher grade yet, are mixed, and Christians and Turks are mingled together in the alembic of a common education. Provision is also made for a normal school of a high order. And what is, perhaps, as extraordinary as any circumstance attending this action is that compulsory primary education applies to girls as well as boys. If this scheme be thoroughly carried out—on which, unhappily, we cannot count with absolute certainty—it is the beginning of a radical revolution in the political and religious institutions of the Turkish Empire.

The Turkish Government has felt for a long time the necessity of doing something to revive the energy and increase the intelligence of the masses of the population. The decay of the Ottoman Empire since the days of Amurath and Solyman the Magnificent could not be shut out by the closest seclusion of the palace or the harem from the eyes of the Sultan. And he could hardly fail to see that it was despotism and superstition, making life and property uncertain and erecting fatalism into religion, that made the difference between his subjects and those of the least advanced even of the other monarchs of Europe. This was, no doubt, one main reason that induced Mahmoud II., the father of the present Sultan, to change the old picturesque costume of his people for one resembling that of the nations round about. The voluminous turban, with its snowy plume or aigrette of diamonds, gave way to the fez; the flowing trousers to the less pantaloons of the misbelievers, the gorgeous jacket, "besmeared with gold" and heavy with embroidery, to the frock-coat of modern Europe, without form and void of grace. It may be doubted whether this revolution was a judicious one. For Professor Von Teufelsdröckh was not without reason in the virtue he ascribes to clothes. The Turkish soldiers must have felt it as a humiliation to change the hereditary costume, in which their fathers had kept the Old World in awe, for the awkward ugliness of their present attire. Doubtless, the Sultan Mahmoud thought to renew the ofiote spirit of his people by this assimilation of their apparel to that of more progressive nations. But the life of a nation, no more than of a man, does not lie in its raiment. And such external changes as these were signs only of dilapidation and decay.

The Sultan Abdul Aziz has had a clearer perception of the necessities of the case; which, probably, he owes to his greater intercourse with Christian nations. He has advanced to the knowledge that civilization does not proceed from without a man to within him, but from the mind and heart to the external life and its surroundings. The inside of the cup must be first cleansed. He is, therefore, making a wise endeavor to improve the manners, morals, and material civilization of his subjects, by compelling them to acquire the elements and the means of knowledge, in the confidence that thus he will in time renew and regenerate them. It is the more laudable in a despotic monarch like the Grand Turk to use his absolute power thus, because a prince that has the intelligence to make this attempt must also perceive the revolution which a higher intelligence must ultimately bring upon himself or his dynasty. It is true that the Sublime Porte is not likely to survive long enough to see the issue of this experiment. But it is not the less creditable to the Sultan that he has set it on foot.

POSTAL COMMON SENSE.

We received, the other day, a newspaper which had been deposited in a Western post-office, addressed to us, but not prepaid by the person sending. The local Young Men's Christian Association had forwarded it, pasting on a label explaining the circumstances and referring us to "Acts 16—31."

It was a kindly and generous act, and one undertaken in more places than one, either by associations or individuals. The severe political economist would probably say that it was an unwise interference with that wholesome education of the Dead Letter Office by which every man learns, sooner or later, that prepayment is not optional. But this manner of reasoning, like that parallel argument which condems the bestowal of alms on beggars, is more apt to reach men's brains than their hearts.

At any rate, the incident affords a hint for a little common sense addressed to letter-writers as to the use of the post-office. The Independent does its full duty in preaching wisdom to the Post-office Department. It is well to preach it sometimes to those who use the Post-office.

The whole number of letters annually sent to the Dead Letter Office exceeds two millions. Any one of these may have caused, by this unhappy fate, an amount of distress, of anxiety, of calamity that might make one shudder. For the want of any one of these letters, some child may have died of starvation or some woman of despair. The last hope quenched, the last opportunity of virtue or of life closed—that is what a dead letter may mean. They are well called by that name, for they may end in the death of more than life.

What causes all this misery? Who is responsible for dead letters? Ask your postmaster, and he will prove to you that they are caused in more than nine cases out of ten not by sheer ignorance or misfortune, but by the neglect of the writer to comply with the simple provisions made by the department for the security of letters.

The simple use of stamped envelopes, instead of stamps, would keep one-third of the letters out of the Dead Letter Office. The general use of what are called "request envelopes" would dispose of most of the remainder. Let us see.

Ask your postmaster to show you the twenty letters which he is to send to the Dead Letter Office to-day. Ten of these (you find to your surprise) were dropped into the post-office only yesterday. Perhaps four of these were put in without stamps, or had the stamps rubbed off in mailing. Two of them bear two-cent stamps, instead of three. One has a revenue stamp only. One has a stamp previously used, and put on perhaps accidentally. Eight letters have thus become "dead," all of which would have been saved by the use of stamped envelopes. An envelope cannot lose its stamp, nor assume a wrong stamp. The only possible chance is that the wrong envelope may be used; and the "request envelope" guards, as we shall see, against the consequences of that.

These are eight of the ten fresh letters. Then there is another with a stamp and no address; and another with the name of John Smith, and no sign of a town or county or state to distinguish J. S. from his numerous cousins.

These are the new letters. Now look at the old ones! Some with addresses perfectly illegible; some clear, precise, accurate, looking so distinct and unmistakable that you feel as if the very man must live just round the corner—yet he has never been heard of in these parts, and the letter has been waiting for weeks unclaimed. Some bear the marks of hopeless experiments in penciled memoranda—"try New York," "try Newport," "try Newfane"; but no spot of earth, new or old, can give this poor letter any respite, till it finds at Washington the repose of death. Then the foreign letters—the Galway and Cork missives, the letters to Portuguese sailors, the big letter from the German *frau*, and the coroneted and perfumed note from the French *marquise* to her pet American fine lady—all gone hopelessly wrong, and drifting together into that Morgue of stationery, the Dead Letter Office.

How to save these poor letters from their doom? One simple precaution would have saved every American letter from death. Had you written on your envelope the single words "If unclaimed in ten days return to"—giving your address, wherever it may be—then your letter would have borne a charmed life. It would have been like the "return-balls" the children play with—if the ball does not hit, the rubber string brings it back. Better still, buy of the ready postmaster the envelopes on which this request is already printed, leaving you to fill in the address. Or, best of all, if you can possibly afford it, buy five hundred of these at once, in which case the Government prints your own address *without charge*, and henceforth you can snap your fingers at the Dead Letter Office.

You may then put your letter in without an address, if you are capable of that folly; or you may accidentally write the wrong address, or you may be led into error by your correspondent. No matter, your letter is safe, unless it crosses the water. Sooner or later, no doubt, the invaluable principle of "request envelopes" will be made international, and that large branch of the dead letter business be also cut off.

We err in supposing that dead letters are chiefly the result of ignorance. They chiefly proceed from sheer negligence in those who should know better. It is negligence to use a stamp when you might use a stamped envelope. It is negligent to use even this without a "request" on the outside. Let us close with a moral tale. It was once necessary that we who write this should enclose a $20 bill to a particular person in Providence, R. I., to make sure of its identity, as it was suspected of being a counterfeit, and we were charged with having passed it. The note never arrived. Servants were cross-examined, private inquiry made. No clue was found. Weeks after, the letter reappeared from the Dead Letter Office. We had addressed it to the right person, the right street, the right number—and the wrong city. In some moment of stupidity or hurry, it had been unconsciously addressed to New York, instead of Providence. What we thus did any one of our readers may do with his very next letter. But we, at least, learned by experience. From that day to this we have used "request envelopes" and have had no more dead letters.

Editorial Notes.

Wendell Phillips, in a lecture delivered in Boston the evening previous to the late election, alluded to the great anti-abolition mob of 1835, and spoke of Mr. Lyman, the mayor of Boston at that time, as having "besought instead of commanding that day," and as, "metaphorically speaking, on his knees to the mob." Mayor Lyman is dead; but his son came out with a card, denying the justice of Mr. Phillip's remarks and sharply rebuking him therefor. Mr. Phillips, replying, said:

"His [Mr. Lyman's] son disbelieves this, because such conduct would be very unlike his father. He was in his cradle that day. I was in Washington street. I saw his father beg and sue; I saw him beseech and entreat that mob to disperse and preserve order. He never once commanded or sought to *control* it. He never vindicated his office by even attempting to rally a force and *maintain* order. Had he issued one command, even one that was disobeyed, he would have done all that in him lay to redeem Boston, and I should have honored him. I saw him consent, if not assist, at tearing down the anti-slavery sign and throwing it to the mob to propitiate its rage. The city was mine as well as his, and I hung my head; ashamed of it and him.

"His was lamentably wanting on that occasion in all that befits a magistrate. He broke his pledge, made a week before, to the Female Anti-Slavery Society. The only order he issued that day was one ordering its members, legally met in their own hall, to disperse. He never commanded the mob to disperse.

"The mayor did well in giving Mr. Garrison the only refuge which Boston, under such a mayor, could furnish—its jail. He would have done his duty had he vindicated, or died in the attempt to vindicate, Mr. Garrison's right to speak what and where he pleased, and to sleep under his own roof in safety.

"Then his career would have stood an honor to that generation and an example to all coming ones. He had ample means to control that mob. Ten men shot and sent to deserved graves would have scattered the mob in ten minutes. I could name a dozen men who would have been equal to that emergency. Mr. Hayes, lately of the Boston police, standing in Lyman's place, would have reversed the record of that hour. Mr. Garrison would have slept that night at home. Some of the gentlemen mobocrats would have slept in graves, and some would have filled Mr. Garrison's cell in the Boston jail.

"Twenty years ago I said, 'The time will come when sons will deem it unkind and unchristian to remind the world of acts their fathers take pride in.' That hour has come. I refer to old shames not to insult the dead, but to control the living. I have no ill-will toward Mayor Lyman. His services to the cause of education are an honor to his memory; and, if report can be trusted, he bitterly repented his weakness on that shameful day.

"But evil-doers have one motive more to restrain them if they can be made to feel that their children will blush for the names they inherit. I bring these things up to show the world that reformers have terrible memories; and that, even if base acts win office and plaudits to-day, the ears of the actor's children will tingle at the report of them half a century hence. Wendell Phillips.

"Nov. 1, 1869."

....Vineland is certainly the banner town for woman. One of the invincible sisterhood writes us from that place, Nov. 3d:

"I feel that you want to know how many women went to the election here yesterday, and how the brethren treated them. You will rejoice to learn that there was no falling off, but more women in attendance than on either of the two former occasions, and no open opposition manifested. Indeed, we had a real good time. I was never more sensible of the 'overshadowing wing of divine goodness' than while sitting beside the clerks at the ballot-box—not even in Quaker meeting. The votes have just been counted. They number 239—12 of them Democratic. You will remember that at our first attempt, a year ago, we had 173, and last spring 183. Our next we mean shall tell upon the parties already in the field. We mean to keep up the agitation now, and have a ticket of our own, taken from the best men of the town, without respect of party; and we have reason to think that enough men will vote our ticket to turn the scale, so as to convince the most incredulous that women are already a power to be noticed and respected."

....The question of suffrage for woman is to be presented to the electors of Vermont at an election to be held in March next, in the several towns, for the choice of members of a Constitutional Convention, called for the purpose of accepting or rejecting amendments to the state constitution, proposed by the Council of Censors; one of those amendments being intended to admit women to vote on equal terms with men. The friends of this reform should see to it that the whole state is agitated in the few months preceding the election. There ought to be not less than fifty capable speakers sent thither to improve the long autumn and winter evenings in enlightening and stirring up the minds of the people. A grand and united effort would be not unlikely to result in success. We know the people of Vermont well, and can assure the lecturers crowded and attentive audiences.

....*The Christian Freeman*, of Chicago, a Freewill Baptist paper, with broad aims and unsectarian aspirations, has assumed the quarto form and divided itself into two parts—one secular, the other religious; or, in its own words, "one pious, the other virtuous, and both good." This division does not commend itself to us as true to the highest spirit of Christianity, which is not a commodity, separate and apart from our daily life; but the very element in which we should "live, move, and have our being," and which should pervade every part of a newspaper. But, notwithstanding this, the *Freeman* has our best wishes.

....It seems that the famous autograph of Washington which for years has been an object of interest in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, turns out to be a forgery. We learn this from *The Day*, the new Philadelphia journal. The detective who found out the fact is named Benjamin Franklin. *The Day* says, "Let Benjamin Franklin remove George Washington."

....We have received several numbers of *The Day*, a new, bright, lively penny daily from Philadelphia. Mr. Alexander Cummings, the first publisher of the New York *World*, is the publisher of the new paper, which we hope will be as good under his management as the *World* is bad since he left it.

....Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, sums up in a very interesting letter to his own paper the results of his recent observations in the Mormon territory. Our readers will thank us, we are sure, for copying what follows:

"Mr. Colfax's speech was not the careless utterance of a passing traveler, but the thoughtful expression of a wise statesman. The time had come, he thought, for saying frankly to the Mormons, here in their very presence, what the country thinks of their peculiar institution, and the means by which they are seeking to perpetuate it. It was, of course, not known beforehand what he would say; but a thousand or two people, at least half of them Mormons, were gathered to hear him speak. Great feeling but general good-nature accompanied his remarks. Both parties in the audience were evidently greatly excited; but, while the Gentiles cheered, the Mormons showed no violent disapprobation. . . . The truth is that Mr. Colfax's suggestions and warnings, both on the subject of polygamy and the narrow, exclusive policy of business instituted in the church co-operative stores, meet a responsive feeling among many of the leading Mormons themselves. We found more or less signs of dissatisfaction in influential quarters. . . . The more prominent business men among the Mormons are beginning to see that polygamy is likely to be a source of weakness in the future, as it has been of strength in the past; that it is, in fact, the rock on which the church must split, under the enlarged contact with civilization and the aggressive influences of public opinion. There are mutterings, indeed, of rebellion against Young's authority on both grounds; and very likely there will be something of an outbreak or schism this very season. Mr. Stenhouse, the editor of the Salt Lake Daily *Telegraph*, one of the two Mormon papers published here, is a sort of leader among the discontents. He has evidently not had the confidence of Brigham Young for some time; and, standing alone, it will be very easy for the latter to crush him out. Indeed, I have no idea of any successful revolt at present; but it is clear enough that influences are at work here among the Mormons themselves that are weakening and will soon greatly modify the peculiar character of the church rule, and must probably overthrow the doctrine and practice of polygamy itself. Brigham Young's dynasty is as certain to die with him as Louis Napoleon's; and both of them will do wise to hurry up their death-beds, if they would depart in full possession. . . . It is too early yet, perhaps, to count the net result of the Mormons' first summer of familiar intercourse with the outside world. Heretofore, it has come here as single spies; but now in battalions. Brigham Young and the more conceited and sincere of his associates seem to have thought they could impress their visitors favorably; and that they would gain respect and appreciation in Congress and the country from the more intimate personal knowledge which the tide of visitors by the railroad would disseminate. As a general thing, of course, the result is the reverse. Anna Dickinson, to whom they admitted to their houses and to intimate intercourse with their wives, humbugged by their own vanity and the suggestion that she was studying with open mind and a catholic heart the woman question in all its phases, turns against them a bitter witness. They begin to feel in her case as if they had warmed a viper in their bosoms that was turning to bite them. Other visitors have obtained perhaps less intimate association with the domestic life of the polygamists; but, so far as they have, the resulting testimony is the same—that the women are unhappy, discontented, and rebellious. The more intelligent they are, the more they chafe under the degrading influences of their peculiar institution. Without going out to seek for evidence, enough came to members of our party within the few days we spent here to convince us of this; and all that Anna Dickinson is telling the people of the country is not only philosophically but actually true. Said one Mormon wife here, yesterday: 'There is not a single happy woman in polygamy.' Said another: 'Don't ask me how I like it. I don't allow myself to think about it, but keep busy all the time.' . . . The subtle influences going out simply from this freedom of contact, which familiar travel will bring to the Mormons from the outside world, will alone in due time work out the ruin of the sacred institutions in vogue here. . . . In their confidence, or in their desperation, possibly a mixture of both, the saints are about to brave public opinion in the East by sending a large number of missionaries to defend their faith and preach their cause to the people of the country at large. Something like 200 have been appointed, and are to be scattered over the country to speak openly to the people in behalf of Mormonism, and to address all possible arguments privately to the politicians, in the hope not only to gain converts and emigrants, but also, and perhaps mainly, to secure recognition and respect in the councils of the Government. The one eager desire of the rulers here, as I have said, is to gain admission for Utah as a state. Then they feel that the Government can no longer pretend to check or interfere with them. But the opponents of Mormonism may well welcome the free discussion this invited. It is the beginning of the end in the downfall of the special feature and exclusive isolation of the church. Those who take the sword of discussion must perish by its power."

Personal.

Justice seems to require of us the publication of the following letter:

To the Editors of The Independent:

A correspondent of yours at Washington, with, I hope, no malicious intent, says: "I have been told that even Downing, the well-known colored caterer and keeper of the House Restaurant, does not venture to entertain his colored brethren, his white customers laying down the law of exclusion to him." This is not true. It does me, as well as my "white customers," injustice.

A cramping, depressing prejudice has been an obstacle in the way of my being a "railroad king," a Vanderbilt, a Stewart. Horace Greeley is opposed to my being comptroller, to my seeking office. Thus have I encountered difficulties. But I have endeavored to fill the calling in which I am found with energy and ability—into which calling, to a great extent, I have been forced; realizing, however, that in applying energy and ability to an honorable calling "honor lies." I am in it to make money, to educate my children, with which, with character, to secure a good hold on society.

It is admitted that the dinner and evening parties, the confectionery I supply to my patrons, which are superintended by the most accomplished waiters I can employ, excel. I believe that with the energy I have given to business, the mastery of it I have striven to gain, I might have been out of it to-day with more than I now possess, had it not been for the prejudice against my color, or had I catered thereto. I believe, however, that the time has come when to demand my every right as a man will not be, as in the past, an obstacle to my success in business; but, rather, a recommendation.

Mr. Editor, I hope you will allow me this seeming digression. Your correspondent has called me out. I would profit by it. I think it not too much to ask.

I would now more directly to the subject. To exclude a customer because of his color has never been laid down for me, either in the Capitol or any place over which I have ever had control. No person has been proscribed on account of color in the House Restaurant in the Capitol since I have had charge thereof. Consistency forbids that I should be a party to any such proscription. Your correspondent, whoever he may be, should be willing to take more trouble, that he may be well informed before he asserts or intimates anything to the detriment of a person, especially when the assertion is likely to travel faster and wider than a denial. As further evidence of the improbability of the assertion, I state that, though I have not nor have not had any connection with the restaurant connected with the Senate division of the Capitol, still I know it to be a fact that a party was removed from the charge thereof because he refused to accommodate a party of respectable colored persons. That was the formal charge alleged against him.

Allow me, if possible, to put to rest a falsehood that has designedly, with a malicious intent, been circulated to reflect on my consistency. I deny that any person has ever been, since I have been in business, refused accommodation in any house of mine on account of their color; on the contrary, I have accommodated both white and colored in my places of business, at all times, without distinction—at times when it cost me something to do so. I believe that I would have been a millionaire to-day had I bowed to prejudice in this and like instances.

Geo. T. Downing.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 6, 1869.

....The Cable informs us that, in conformity with the directly-expressed desire of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the late George Peabody's remains will be honored with the religious services of a public funeral, to take place in Westminster Abbey, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 12th inst. The Queen directs also that after the conclusion of the service the remains of Mr. Peabody shall be deposited in the royal vault in Westminster Abbey, and remain there until the moment of the removal for transmission to America for interment. It is understood that Mr. Peabody, several years ago, selected the place for his grave in the beautiful cemetery near his native place, called "Harmony Grove," where the remains of many of his kindred are buried. The Boston *Transcript* gives us these among other anecdotes of Mr. Peabody:

"Mr. Peabody always cherished the memory of his mother, to whose comfort he minister in early life. Those who know all the circumstances alludes to them in the following words: 'Might we invade the sanctuary of his early home, and the circle of his immediate connections, we could light around the youthful possessor of a few hundred dollars —the avails of the most severe and untiring efforts—a brighter halo than his elegant hospitalities, his munificent donations, or his liberal public acts now shed over the rich London banker.' About a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Peabody was in company with an American lady visiting London that he offered her his hand and fortune, which were accepted. Learning a short time afterward that she was already betrothed, a fact of which she had kept him in ignorance, he rebuked her lack of sincerity and broke off the engagement. Mr. Peabody visited, incognito, the house erected by the benevolent Quaker poor of London, to see if those in charge of the charity properly attended to their duties. He asked the wife of an apparently needy the name of her child, and was answered, 'George Peabody.' This prompted a present to the infant, which the mother quickly interpreted, and announced to her neighbors the presence of their distinguished benefactor, who gladly took refuge in a cab to be rid of their benedictions."

....Father Hyacinthe, in response to an address of the evangelical clergymen of Boston, and their invitation to him to visit that city, says:

"I am very sensible of the high honor paid me in the greeting from the clergy whom you represent. I am touched by your expressions of Christian sympathy and affection. I am a Catholic, and hope to remain one. I have not broken with the Church, but its abuses. I recognize true Christians in all the Protestant bodies; for I believe that the true Church, embracing all who love Christ, has a future far wider than any earthly organization. My purpose in coming to America is to escape excitement and rest a little. I shall soon return to Europe; but I hope again to visit this country. I shall visit Boston early in November, if possible; and then should be glad to see those whom you represent, and to explain more fully my position. The future is dark and uncertain; but I shall obey my conscience to the end. Greet in my name with Christian salutations those in whose name you greet me."

....Rev. Alexander Clark, of Pittsburgh, one of the foremost ministers of the Methodist Protestant Church, an excellent writer and speaker, is in the lecturing field, with the following subjects: "Common Wonders," "Imageless Humanity," "Bounty and Beauty," "Individuality—or, a Man or a Monkey—which?"

....Mr. J. S. Bliss, of Janesville, Wis., is in the lecture field with three discourses—the products of European travel: the first, referring to Continental Europe; the second, to Rome; and the third, to Herculaneum and Pompeii.

New York and Vicinity.

Union Theological Seminary favors its students with lectures on special topics from other men than its own faculty. So Prof. Guyot came from Princeton College, and Dr. Anderson from the Mission Rooms of Boston. The lecturers have always been men of unexceptionable orthodoxy. But will our readers believe that last Monday night—inaugurating the week in which the two General Assemblies meet in Pittsburgh to unite the scarce-healed divisions of 31 years ago, when such heretics as Albert Barnes and Nathan S. S. Beman, D.D., and Lyman Beecher, D.D., and all who followed them, had been condemned and excinded—that on this week of all weeks of the year the heresiarch of New England theology, Henry Ward Beecher, a man accused of more heterodoxy than his father was ever suspected of, was invited to lecture and did lecture before the students of this largest New School seminary in the country on the "Duties and Methods of the Preacher"? Is that the style of man whose teachings the descendants of Drs. Wilson, Plummer, Green, and Junkin are to accept as representing the "substance of the Confessions?" Will not the reconstructed Church send its committee of investigation to this seminary, lax in the faith, which must need reconstruction alas! no less than the Old School institutions at Chicago or Danville? or will it allow its pulpits to be invaded by the pupils of such degenerate sons of degenerate sires as instructed them last Monday night, and its Amazing-Boughs filled with such frogs of the Nile? Let the three faithful presbyteries who voted in the negative speak!

....We depended a little too much on the representations of the *Examiner and Chronicle* in speaking last week of the Howard Mission as having come again mainly under the control of the Baptists. The president, Mr. A. S. Hatch, one of the most benevolent and efficient Christians among the business men of New York, is a Congregationalist, and is no figurehead to the Mission. He visits it almost every day, and gives it the best of his thought and study, and so is familiar even with all the details of its management. Of the 9 trustees, 3 are Baptists, 2 Presbyterians, 2 Congregationalists, 1 a Methodist, and one place is vacant. Mr. Van Meter, who is again superintendent, is a Baptist; and Mr. McFarland, the acting superintendent, a Congregationalist. Of the 4 teachers, but 1 is a Baptist, and there is an entire absence of any such denominational control or sectarian jealousy as has been too often hinted at by the *Examiner*. With other similar institutions this successful Home for Little Wanderers appeals for support to Christians of all denominations, and more particularly just now for gifts that shall provide pleasant Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays for the children.

....Whose heart is in sympathy with the poor children of our city streets? Who pities their poverty, their friendlessness, their sin? Who feels a desire to have them rescued from their present wretchedness and impending fate? Who realizes the importance to the community of the efforts made to rescue them from temporal and spiritual ruin? Go on Thanksgiving Day to the Home for the Friendless, 33 East 20th street, and see the hundreds that shall there be gathered to a feast of good things, and listen to their songs and recitations. See what Christian love and persistent effort can do for them, and take with you a generous donation to "help those women" who are trying to save the city by saving its neglected children from ignorance and sin.

....Crowded meetings were held in this city last week to hear Dr. Schaff's report of his great success in securing the aid of European Christians in the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance proposed to be held in New York next fall. Addresses were made by President McCosh, Drs. Prime, Thompson, Schaff, Schenck, Hall, Adams, and others. A principal feature was the reading of a letter from Father Hyacinthe, which we give in another column.

Religious Intelligence.

The ecclesiastical court for the trial of Rev. Colin C. Tate, of the Diocese of Ohio, for using processional hymns in church service, against the direction of Bishop McIlvaine, has come a second time to an abrupt conclusion. It was decided, after considerable discussion, not to allow lawyers to argue the case, but each clerical counsel had his professional advisers. As in the former case, Mr. Tate's counsel objected to the jurisdiction of the court. It seems that since the last abortive trial the diocese has changed the canon, so that the names of twenty-four, instead of forty-five, clergymen should be put into the vessel from which nine were to be drawn by lot. No provision was made that c

Publisher's Department.

GREAT CLOTHING HOUSE.

MESSRS. TRAPHAGEN, HUNTER & Co., of this city, have one of the largest clothing establishments on this continent. It covers four or five lots of ground on 4th Avenue, in a central part of the city, near A. T. Stewart's, and is favorably known and well patronized by thousands of our best citizens who want good clothing at less than Broadway prices. Our subscribers at a distance, multitudes of whom visit New York on business or pleasure every season, should call on Traphagen, Hunter & Co.; and, our word for it, they will not regret it. On the contrary, they will be astonished at the magnitude of their business, be satisfied that they are dealing with honorable men, and that they get good goods on favorable terms.

AN ESTABLISHED REMEDY.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an established remedy for *Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness*, and other troubles of the *Throat and Lungs*. Their good reputation and extensive use has brought out imitations, represented to be the same. OBTAIN only "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*."

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WE have made arrangements with the manufacturers of the "Reliance Wringer," by which we offer the "Cog-Wheel Machine" (cash price $9) to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10; or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The "Wringer" will be delivered at our office or sent by express, as may be directed.

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Or we simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together. They may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers*. On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

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NOTICES.

DONATION VISIT

AT THE

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

The friends and patrons of the Home for the Friendless are invited to visit the institution on Thanksgiving Day; November 25th, between the hours of 2 and 8 P. M. Exercises in the chapel by the children in the afternoon and evening. Dinner served at 5 o'clock.

MARRIED.

POWERS—LOCKWOOD.—At Flatlands, L. I., on Monday, Oct. 11th, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Fred. D. Somers, of N. Y. City, to Carrie E., daughter of Monson Lockwood, Esq., of Stamford, Conn.

KIMBALL—EVERETT.—In Boston, Nov. 3d, by W. H. H. Murray, Horace Kimball M. D., of New York City, to Miranda H. Everett, of West Roxbury, Mass. No cards.

DIED.

WALDON.—At South Otselic, N. Y., Tuesday evening, Oct. 26th, Mrs. Ruth Waldron, aged 58.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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OFFICE OF **FISK & HATCH,**

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

No. 5 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK,

November, 1869.

To our Customers and Correspondents:

The surprising development of our national resources and the rapidity with which the government is now enabled to reduce the national debt by weekly purchases renders it apparent that the time is approaching when the Five-Twenty bonds may be funded at not over four or four and a half per cent. interest.

Meanwhile the high price of government bonds, as compared with other classes of securities paying an equal rate of interest, is leading to general inquiry for more profitable forms of investment in which money may be *safely* invested.

The desire to capitalize the premium which may now be realized upon Five-Twenty bonds, and which a material decline in gold toward par, and the ability of the government to fund the debt at a lower rate of interest, may at any time extinguish, is felt by nearly all holders; and what they desire is a reasonable assurance as to which of the many lower-priced securities in the market would afford the necessary safety to justify an exchange.

During the war the necessities and peril of the government, and the consequent cheapness of its securities, rendered them so attractive that, from this cause, combined with the patriotism of the people, they absorbed almost the entire floating capital of the country, and diverted attention from other classes of securities which had before been deemed sufficiently conservative and sound to meet the wants of the most cautious investors.

Since then the habit of holding government bonds, and of looking upon them as the only really safe securities to hold, has become so general that many other forms of investment, hitherto deemed of the highest class, have been neglected.

The rapid accumulation of capital for investment, and the reduction of the national debt and improvement of the national credit—rendering it certain that hereafter but a comparatively low rate of interest can be derived from investment in government bonds—is compelling the search for other safe and well-guarded channels into which capital not employed in business may wisely flow.

Intelligent and careful investigation into the security of other classes of bonds from which a larger income may be derived, as a basis for wise discrimination on the part of prudent investors, is therefore becoming a necessity.

It is out of the power of a large majority of those desiring to invest money to investigate thoroughly and to secure the necessary information for themselves; they must, therefore, rely in great measure upon the results of the researches of others whose business it is to make such researches, and in whose fidelity and judgment they can confide.

This is one of the legitimate offices and public duties connected with honorable banking.

When the Government required the capital of the country for its preservation, and when our faith in the result assured us that the securities of the Government afforded, for the time being, the most secure and profitable mode of investment, we devoted our time and energies, and the entire resources of our business and influence, to placing the capital of the people at the disposal of the Government, and in placing in the hands of the people the best security they could possibly hold.

We refer with pride and satisfaction to the record which our books afford of many hundreds of millions so invested through us; and to the magnificent result.

The Government is no longer a borrower. It no longer needs the country's capital, but desires gratefully and honorably to repay it.

The enterprises of Peace, no less needful, in their time and place, for the common welfare, than were the waste and cost of War, now call for the capital which the Government no longer needs, and offer for its use a remuneration which the Government need no longer pay, and in some cases a security as stable and enduring as the faith of the nation itself.

The applications for information and advice which are addressed to us daily show how universal is the desire for assurance, as to what forms of investment, more profitable than Government securities at present market rates, are entitled to the confidence of investors.

The pressure of this want has led us to feel the importance of directing our own attention as bankers, our large experience, and our facilities for obtaining reliable information to the work of supplying it in some measure, and to offer the results of our inquiries to those who may be disposed to confide in our good faith and judgment.

We cannot offer to those who may be influenced by our opinions, for the investment of their accumulating capital or in exchange for their Government bonds, anything which, according to our best judgment, is less secure or worthy of confidence than the national obligations themselves, with which we have hitherto principally identified ourselves.

We do not intend to offer or recommend to others any security in which we are not ourselves willing to invest.

Since closing the great CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD LOAN, which meets all these requirements, we have carefully examined many others; but have found no other which would fully do so until the following was placed in our hands:

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SIX PER CENT. GOLD BONDS

OF THE

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FRANCHISES AND SUBSIDIES.

The WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD OF CALIFORNIA is the westernmost link of the GRAND CENTRAL NATIONAL PACIFIC RAILROAD ROUTE, authorized by Act of Congress, aided by grants of public lands, and a special issue of United States Bonds, and constructed under the supervision of government officers. The company are entitled to all the rights and privileges of the several Pacific railroad companies, according to the acts of Congress, and their amendments; and these privileges have been ratified by the State of California.

The franchise was originally included in the act of Congress (approved July 1, 1862) authorizing the Central Pacific Railroad Company "to construct a railroad and telegraph line from the Pacific coast, at or near San Francisco, or the navigable waters of the Sacramento River, to the eastern boundary of California, upon the same terms and conditions in all respects" as are applied to the corporations building the other portions of the Pacific Railroad and branches. The portion of the line between Sacramento and San Francisco was assigned to the Western Pacific Railroad Company, and the assignment was duly approved by Congress, March 3, 1865, and confirmed by the State of California.

DIRECT LINE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The Western Pacific Railroad makes direct connection at its eastern terminus in Sacramento with the Central Pacific Railroad; and through it with the railroad system east of the Rocky Mountains. It has two western termini: one at San José, where it intersects the Southern Pacific Railroad of California, by which its cars can be carried continuously to the City of San Francisco, by making the circuit of the southern arm of the bay of that name; and the other at the City of San Francisco, which is reached by a short ferry-transit from Oakland. The length of the line, from Sacramento to San Francisco, is 130 miles; and of the San José Fork, 20 miles; or a total of 150 miles of railroad line.

The whole railroad, telegraph line, and ferry facilities are now completed, equipped, and in successful operation, and passenger and freight trains have been running regularly since September 7. The whole has been inspected and approved by commissioners appointed by the President; and the U. S. six per cent. Bonds authorized by Congress issued on the greater part, and the bonds on the remaining section will probably be issued before December 1. The track and structures have been built with special reference to the requirements and extent of the business which were certain to pass over the line from the moment of its completion. The grades and curves are unusually light, and a large proportion of the road is tangent line. Passengers are now being carried over the distance between the terminus on the Bay of San Francisco and the Central Pacific Railroad Station in Sacramento (130 miles) in a little over five hours; and it is expected that after time and season shall have solidified its new embankments the trip will be made in four hours.

ROUTE—THROUGH THE GARDEN OF CALIFORNIA.

The route of the WESTERN PACIFIC ROAD lies directly across the richest and most thickly-settled portion of the State, and connects its three largest cities with the metropolis of the Pacific coast. The Sacramento, San Joaquin, and Contra Costa Valleys, which it traverses in its course, are the most productive, salubrious, and valuable in California, if not on the continent; the soil being a rich, brown loam, ever ready for the plow. Fruits and grain are there grown in abundance, attaining to greater perfection than in any other part of the globe. There were carried over the WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, during the month of October, 15,230 tons of freight, of which the greater part was wheat grown in these valleys (although the larger portion of this year's crop had previously been shipped), and it is believed that fully 100,000 tons will be drawn from the adjacent regions to the line during the coming season. The district within fifty miles of the line of the road may be said to constitute the garden of the Pacific coast, where flowers bloom and semi-tropical fruits are grown all the year round; and where a genial climate and teeming soil afford the most attractive features for settlement and residence. For 20 miles out of San Francisco the land along the line of the road is being eagerly taken up for suburban residences, and for market and fruit-garden purposes, at $600 per acre and upward. The population of the counties through which the line passes (exclusive of San Francisco) amounts, according to the best authorities, at the present time, to upward of 80,000, and the assessed value of property to over $28,000,000 in gold; both of which will be rapidly multiplied by the presence of the road. This road will be to California and its chief city what the Hudson River, New Haven, or New Jersey Railroads are to New York.

LOCAL BUSINESS.

The city of Stockton, which lies midway of the route, already containing a population of over 6,000, is the seat of an important trade, and the center of tributary roads—among others, the STOCKTON AND COPPEROPOLIS (44 miles), building to the mining regions in the foot-hills of the Sierras; and the SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY RAILROAD, projected along this great valley, a line of 300 miles, which, when completed, will be an important feeder, as it drains the largest unbroken tract of fertile land in California. In like manner the CALIFORNIA AND OREGON RAILROAD, of which 100 miles are now nearly completed,

Book Table.

SERMONS.

Sorrow, by Rev. John Reid, (Robert Carter & Brothers) is, in fact, though not in form, a volume of sermons. Its chapters only lack texts to become ministerial discourses. In our judgment, such musings on the dark side of life are altogether too sorrowful to be healthful reading. It is only in the closing chapters that there is any attempt to show a rift of sunshine in the clouds.

Discourses on Truth, by Dr. James H. Thornwell, (Robert Carter & Brothers), were originally delivered in the chapel of the South Carolina College to its undergraduates. They are a little too much like lectures on moral philosophy to possess the highest value as sermons, and too much like sermons to be of special value as lectures on moral philosophy. In a word, the author neither adequately unfolds a system nor powerfully employs it. Mac Millan & Co. publish a volume of *Sermons*, selected from forty years' ministry, by Rev. Thomas Binney, till lately pastor of King's Weighhouse Chapel, London. To every Congregationalist these discourses of one of the most eminent Non-conformists of England will have peculiar interest for their author's sake. Irrespective of their origin, they would hardly find many readers in America, where the religious public are vastly more interested in "Rationalism of to-day" than in "Rationalism in Corinth," and are more concerned to know how by faith and love to be liberated from bondage to conscience than what were the errors of the Galatians and just how the law was "a schoolmaster" to the ancient Hebrews. In a word, we want one-quarter of the sermon devoted to interpretation and three-quarters to application. Mr. Binney appropriates three-quarters to interpretation and one-quarter to application. *The Perfect Man or Jesus an Example of Godly Life*, by Rev. Harry Jones, (D. Lothrop & Co.), is a reprint of an English work. Its object is well indicated in its title. Whatever portrays the human life and character of Christ vividly, and so brings us nearer to him, will be welcomed by all who honor him as God manifest *in the flesh*. This Mr. Jones does well, avoiding controversy, writing with tact, with spiritual delicacy, and sometimes with real power. *The Latter Life, and how to find it*, by Rev. Edward Payson Hammond, (Henry Hoyt), is a conversational little tract addressed to young men and women, and possesses the characteristics of the famous revivalist's preaching. This is not great literary excellence, but it is the rarer excellence of readableness. *The Shepherd of Israel*, by Rev. Duncan Macgregor, (Robt Carter & Brothers), are sermons wholly of spiritual experience. As such we can cordially commend them to those who are running the Christian race, especially to those who are enveloped in darkness or shadowed in the gloom of a great sorrow.

NOVELS.

Christopher Kenwick; his Life and Adventures, by Joseph Hatton, (G. P. Putnam & Co.), is spicy, and sometimes a little coarse in style, but is illumined with many touches which almost tempt us to quote, and is on the whole a readable novel, not unworthy the house that publishes it. *Too Bright to Last* (Fields, Osgood & Co.) seems to mean nothing in particular, and is not sufficiently interesting in style to justify such a lack of significance. There are intimations of good characters in the story, but so little is made of them that they amount to nothing. The author or authoress does not succeed in representing the brightness as too great to last. In fact, we feel rather relieved that it lasts no longer. We cannot give to the *Gabled House, or Self-Sacrifice*, (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger), a place above the average of ordinary novels. Real life is so full of self-sacrifice that a tale must be a rare one to give an example that is better. This tale is not rare, either in substance or expression. The style is sometimes painfully crisp and concise; indeed, in places almost enigmatical. The story introduces us to a loving and refined family, whose affectionate care for each other and gentle ways are the pleasantest feature of the book. It falls into the error of making self-sacrificing labor always successful and visibly rewarded.

When a man introduces his story to us as does the author of *One Poor Girl* (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) by the declaration, "I really had not time to write one; but by writing in railroad cars, or wherever I could find opportunity while traveling, I thought I might manage it," we set him down at once as a literary Bohemian, and are not surprised to find the product of his pen a novel of the fifth class in quality and character. If a man has no more respect for his chosen profession than to pursue it in such a method, let him at least have the decency, for the sake of his fellow literateurs, if not for his own, to keep his dishonor to himself. It is this sort of professional "spoiling white paper," as James Parton calls it, which brings the literary profession into disrepute in America, from which all the painstaking study of a Longfellow, a Whittier, a Prescott, a Motley are hardly able to redeem it. To all such literary scribblers we should earnestly recommend, if we thought it would do any good, the golden words of the ablest modern romancer in the English tongue, Charles Dickens: "The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and every pursuit is the quality of attention. My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention." This is the way the most fertile, imaginative, vivacious, emotional writer of modern fiction does his work. Wirt Sikes *manages* it "by writing in railroad cars or wherever he can find opportunity."

—In the *Physical Life of Woman* (George Maclean) Dr. George H. Napheys discusses a theme which is of the utmost importance and which requires in its treatment the utmost delicacy. In three books, entitled respectively "The Maiden," "The Wife," and "The Mother," he describes the physical phenomena which are peculiar to the sex. He neither overrates the importance nor underestimates the difficulty of his subject. He neither veils his instruction in forms that provoke a licentious imagination, nor utters them with that coarseness which is sometimes mistaken for perspicacity. This book is certainly not one to be left upon the centerable, nor to be introduced indiscriminately to the young people of the household. But every wife and mother should read it; aye, and every husband and father too. Our sins are quite as often those of ignorance as those willful intention. It is certainly so in the department of which Dr. Napheys treats. We wonder, not that so many American women are invalids, but that any are not. It is strange, not that so many infants die, but rather that any survive. The wife enters into her sacred relations without any true conception of the duties and the changes they involve. What little information she possesses is acquired from maidens as ignorant as herself, but not so innocent. A false delicacy prevents the mother from affording that instruction which the mother alone can give. Alas! too often the ignorance of the child is not greater than that of the parent. The husband knows no more than his bride. In the first month after marriage, seeds of disease, sometimes of heart-burning, coldness, estrangement, are sown; not by deliberate sin, but by blind ignorance. When God gives the young mother the promise of a child, the same cloud overshadows it. What little she learns of the duties which this yet unborn life devolve upon her she learns from nurses whose superstitions are even more fatal than absolute ignorance. If she seeks enlightenment, whither shall she turn? To her husband? He is incapable of enlightening her. To the physician? Nothing but dire extremity will induce her to consult him upon subjects which she has been taught it is almost indelicate even to think upon. To books? She turns disgusted away from the literature of quackery, the falsehood of which her woman's quick intuition enables her to detect. By the painful school of experience she learns the lessons which she should have learned in the very outset of her married life, if the diseases which her ignorance brings upon her do not end her days before the lesson is learned. It required a brave but sensitively pure man to provide for the want which existed for some reliable medical instruction upon points which every woman and every married man ought to know, and few do. Dr. Napheys we do not know personally. But his book is at once brave and pure. It is written in such a spirit that she who really desires to learn the truths of which she cannot with justice to herself or others be ignorant may do so without being shocked; while he who hopes to stimulate a vicious imagination by its perusal will turn from its pages disappointed away.

—Edward Everett Hale, in his *Sybaris and other Homes*, (Fields, Osgood & Co.), writes more seriously than usual on a subject of most serious importance. Though the humor which enlivens everything he writes sparkles and plays on every page, yet there is the pathos of deep feeling, and his words are those of a man who knows whereof he speaks and feels the wretchedness he endeavors to relieve as keenly as if it were his own. How to make our great cities something better than collections of pest-houses for the poor is about as important a problem as any philanthropist who is able to take off his spectacles and see suffering close at home can undertake to solve. If Mr. Hale has not solved it, he will have contributed something to its solution if by his readable papers he succeeds in waking up ten thousand Lauras to the significance of such an item in the bill of city mortality as cholera infantum 75. Certain it is that he is right in saying that all Christian and philanthropic labors to alleviate the condition of the poor are carried on under fearful disadvantages, and with very little result, commensurate with the labor, so long as families are crowded into ill-ventilated tenements, made noxious by dirty streets, their children growing up in the midst of the vilest associations, and the whole municipal government oscillating between the corrupt control of professional politicians and the no-management of innocent and helpless neophytes. We will not undertake to outline even Mr. Hale's suggestions. We sincerely trust our readers will get his book and read it for themselves. They will find its practical good sense none the less valuable because couched in a style which the author could hardly make dull if he tried. It will do every city pastor, every pastor in a crowded manufacturing town, special good to read this book; its perusal would open many blinded eyes to a part of the pastoral field the existence of which many ministers have never even dreamed of.

—William Hepworth Dixon writes history with the pen of romance. One can hardly tell at first whether to rank *Her Majesty's Tower*, Second Series, (J. B. Lippincott & Co.), with fact or fiction. Fact it doubtless is, though invested with all the interest and sometimes with the improbability of fiction. Certainly a novelist could fancy nothing more improbable than the scene in the courtyard, when one prisoner after another was brought forth apparently to die, and then, just as the neck was laid upon the block, reprieved by the decree of the king, whose clemency was thus made so curiously cruel. Nor did romance ever dream out a plot more strangely diabolical, more hopelessly inane, even had all succeeded as they planned, than the incredible but well-attested Gunpowder Plot. Nor does any character in romance stand out more strangely wild and weird, contradicting all recognized and accepted notions of human nature, than the being—half sprite, half man—called Guy Fawkes. It is of the whole story of the Anglo-Spanish conspiracy—with its intrigues above ground and under ground, in court and chamber and peasant's hut, with its strange medley of noble lords and Jesuit priests, with its long-lingering martyrdom of Lord Grey, its melo-dramatic plot for blowing up the court and Parliament, its curiously crooked course of that Jesuit of the Jesuits, Henry Garnet—that Mr. Dixon writes in this volume. It chiefest defect for American readers is that it assumes a knowledge of English history which few possess, and is therefore somewhat blind where clearness of statement is essential to interest. To discuss its historical accuracy in its details would take more of our space than we can spare, and more of our readers' time than they would care to give us.

—We have rarely seen anything from Mr. Spurgeon's pen which we like better than *John Ploughman's Talk; or, Plain Advice for Plain People*, (Sheldon & Co.) It is more practical, less spiritual than most of his writing; or, as most readers would have it, deals more with moral, less with religious truths. It is aphoristic. It sparkles with humor. On every page are proverbs—sentences that stick to the memory like burrs. It is more like Benjamin Franklin than like Charles H. Spurgeon. You can hardly read a page without a laugh at the keen observation, the common sense, the condensed practical wisdom. We open at random to the chapter entitled "Hints as to Thriving" for a sentence or two to give the flavor of the book: "It is bad beginning business without capital. It is hard marketing with empty pockets. . . . Every minnow wants to be a whale, but it is prudent to be a little fish while you have but little water; when your pond becomes the sea, then swell as much as you like. . . . A crust is hard fare, but none at all is worse. . . . A great deal of water can be got from a small pipe if the bucket is always there to catch it. . . . You cannot get honey if you are frightened at bees, nor sow corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. . . . He needs have a long spoon who would eat out of the same dish as Satan."

—In the *Elements of Tachygraphy* (Otis Clapp) David Philip Lindsey offers the world a treatise on what he claims to be an improvement on phonography, because a simplified form of the same art. Without expressing any opinion on the advantages which such a system possesses for the reporter, we are convinced it never can come into general use with clergymen and literary men, as its author hopes it may. It saves time. But we do not want to save time. The minister could write his discourse in this alphabet in four hours, that elsewise would occupy twelve. But it is the twelve hours of thought which gives his discourse its value; and he thinks best with his pen in hand. In short, there are very few men who can think to advantage faster than they can write. We need in literary circles an invention not which will enable men to write more rapidly, and consequently more crudely; but rather one which will compel them to write more slowly, and consequently with greater care. The number of men the product of whose pens would be really improved by a greater facility in penmanship is very small. The facility is fatal to good writing as it is.

—One of the best of Lange's series of Commentaries which Charles Scribner & Co. are now issuing at so great expense is that on the *Epistle of Paul to the Romans*. This volume was prepared by Lange himself, and is translated by J. Hurst, D. D. Lange is not our model for a commentator, being diffuse and indistinct. But in this work he is better than usual; and where he fails the admirable notes of Dr. Schaff, the general editor of the series, and of Rev. M. B. Riddle, are admirably lucid and to the point. It is a great satisfaction to turn sometimes from Lange to Schaff, who with his assistants has added sufficient original matter to make up about one-third of the volume. On the difficult Fifth Chapter Dr. Schaff is quite voluminous and generally happy. He does not hesitate to ridicule Dr. Hodge's notion that this chapter teaches a representative or putative style of sin according to which we have sinned in Adam. The extreme doctrines of election, reprobation, and original sin are avoided—at least, in their more offensive forms. We are sure that those who secure this volume will find it a mine of wealth—disappointing sometimes, as in some passages often interpreted as supporting the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints; but full of suggestion and information, especially in those portions prepared by the American editors.

—A book called "Classic Baptism," by James W. Dale, a Presbyterian pastor of Pennsylvania, made not a little stir a year or two ago by the savage manner in which it attacked the Baptist dogma that *baptize* means "to dip," and nothing else. As a sequel to that volume, he has now issued *Judaic Baptism*, (Wm. Rutter & Co., Philadelphia), an octavo of 400 pages; and promises yet another volume on the Baptism of John. This work is nothing more than a careful commentary on all the passages in Josephus Philo, the Old Testament and the Apocrypha, where this word is used, and also a collection of passages from the Christian Fathers where *baptize* is used in their comments on the Old Testament. The investigation is confined to that one Greek word, and does not seek to explain Jewish customs, as learned from their writings, from which we might learn much in reference to the real character of the early baptisms. The result reached by Dr. Dale is that this word is used with reference to the effect of cleansing produced, the idea of the means employed being lost. A more judicial style and greater condensation would make the book more useful. As it is, it is harsh, wordy, and needlessly offensive.

—Harper & Brothers add to their series of Real Histories, popularly so called, a *History of Joseph Bonaparte*, by J. S. C. Abbott. The author in his preface narrates the following anecdote of President Lincoln.

"In a conversation which the writer had with the President just before his death, Mr. Lincoln said: 'I want to thank you and your brother for Abbott's series of histories. I have not education enough to appreciate the profound works of voluminous historians; and, if I had, I have no time to read them. But your series of histories gives me in brief compass just that knowledge of past men and events which I need. I have read them with the greatest interest. To them I am indebted for about all the historical knowledge I have.'"

A good many busy men might bear the same testimony to the value of this series, if they were equally frank. A merchant—who has neither time nor inclination to study the more elaborate, learned, and scholastic volumes to which the student naturally turns—may in a couple of evenings read this story through. The style is simple. The salient events only are seized hold of and narrated. At the end of his evening's reading he will be prepared to understand, as he could not before, the events now occurring in storm-tossed Spain. For the causes of the present revolution are to be sought in the days of Joseph Bonaparte, and even in times prior to his reign. The volume is very neatly illustrated.

—*The Grammar-School History of the United States*, by Benson J. Lossing, (Sheldon & Co.), is an attractive volume, and marks characteristically the change which has taken place in school literature since the days when the very appearance of a school-book was enough to frighten the most enthusiastic scholar. This volume is handsomely illustrated, and, what is far better, is accompanied by four valuable illuminated maps. These alone tell strikingly the story of the nation's growth. Of course, an attempt to give in a small 12mo, of a little over 250 pages, the history of the nation, from the discovery of the continent to the election of Grant and Colfax, produces nothing but a rather unsatisfactory compendium. No genius could invest a story necessarily so brief and barren with the romantic interest which really attaches to it.

—*The Roll of Honor* (Government Printing Office) is a list of the "Names of Soldiers who Died in Defense of the American Union interred in the National Cemeteries." It contains simply the list of their names, rank, regiment, company, date of death, and place of interment. Ever and anon we come to the long roll of unknown. We read in this single word the sad, sad story of hopes long deferred, of hearts grown sick with weary waiting, the children fatherless, the wife widowed, the home desolate, the very privilege of paying to the dear one the last tokens of respect denied. And we stand with uncovered head and the tears gather in our eyes as this long line of honored dead march by us to their graves.

—We have received from Harper & Brothers the fourth volume of their illustrated edition of George Eliot's novels, containing *Scenes in Clerical Life* and *Silas Marner*. The same house continue their paper edition of Charles Reade's novels, with *Peg Woffington*, *Christie Johnstone*, and other stories; and add to their Library of Select Novels *Found Dead*, which possesses no peculiar literary merit, and escapes even the interest which attaches to a sensational story by disclosing the plot at the outset. Allen's excellent treatise on *American Cattle* (Taintor & Brothers) we have previously noticed in these columns. Dingman's *Bookseller's Directory* (Charles Scribner & Co.) is certainly very complete. If equally accurate—and of that we have no means of judging—it will be a useful book to the trade.

—*David Elginbrod*, by George MacDonald, (Loring, Boston), is more sensational than we should have expected from his pen. The old man David talks and prays in such excellent Scotch that we find it difficult always to understand him, and we are sorry to lose his grand thoughts. There is material enough in the story for several, and we find ourselves discontented with our limited acquaintance with many of the characters. The great blemish in the book is the sort of magnetic influence which a bad and designing man is represented to have over a young lady—compelling her, sorely against her will, to do his bidding. She is morally strong enough to conquer him at last, though in the struggle her life is worn out. On the whole, the book is not so satisfactory as some others by the same author.

—*Plain Educational Talks with Teachers and Parents*, by Albert N. Raub, (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger), are practical as well as plain. They constitute a volume of two hundred and twenty pages, and discuss such themes as, What is education, how to secure it, how *not* to secure it, play, work, punishment, government, moral and physical nurture. This volume is not remarkable for great force in treatment or originality of thought. But it is really remarkable for a sterling common sense applied to subjects in which common sense is greatly needed. The book will be useful to young parents and to inexperienced teachers.

—*Lord Bacon's Thoughts on Holy Scripture*, compiled by Rev. John G. Hall, (Am. Tract Society), consists of a series of such paragraphs, culled from the writings of the great philosopher, as bear upon either some particular passage of Scripture or some Scripture doctrine. It is really a collection of his more religious thoughts. Lord Bacon's writings have in a peculiar degree the rare quality of suggestiveness. The thoughtful pastor will find in these pages far more help in the way of hints and seed thoughts for sermons than he can ever get from a volume of "skeletons" or "helps." The volume is a republication of an English work.

—Prof. Wm. D. Whitney's *German Grammar* (Leypoldt & Holt) is utterly unlike any other issued. His object is not to hurry his students to the colloquial use of the language, but to make the study a means of philological discipline for those who do not gain it by the study of Latin and Greek. It would then remind one of Hadley's Greek Grammar, except that there are added brief sections on the classification of languages and the relation of English to German. The well-earned reputation of Prof. Whitney as the most profound linguist in the country would make it an affectation to criticise the scholarship of the volume.

—*The God-Idea in History* (Adams & Co., Boston) is a shallow, pretentious book, full of blunders in fact and philosophy. Take an example: "Their [the Jews'] literature was entirely in the hands of the priests," (p. 62). And yet Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, the prophetic writers generally, and the scribes and lawyers of the time of Christ, were scarce any of them priests. He tells us (p. 193) that it is an axiom that matter is eternal, and in the same paragraph that "axioms are based on experience." Were the latter statement true it would prove the first false; for who has had experience of eternity?

—One of the most useful books of practical religion ever published was "Woman and her Saviour in Persia." Those who wish to learn more than was there told of Miss Fidelia Fiske, and her life of remarkable usefulness among the school-girls of the Nestorian Mission and of South Hadley, will be delighted to secure *Faith Working by Love*, (Congregational Publishing Society), which is the memoir of this true successor of Mary Lyon. The Christian character thus delineated is an earnest, healthy, cheerful one; and we do not see how any one can lay it down without impulses to a life of more operative faith and more self-denying love.

—Among juvenile books we chronicle *Nidworth*, (Boberts Brothers), by the author of the "Susy Books," a very pretty story of the three magic wands—riches, knowledge, and love; *John Brett's Household*, (J. C. Garrigues & Co.), which tells how Genie's Christian principle struggled against the filth and laziness of the family into which she was thrown; *Edith's Two Account Books*, (Presbyterian Board), not bad; and *Scrub*, (Alfred Martien), the old story of the diligent boy, who got rich and good, of course, and the lazy, tippling apprentice, who died a sot.

—Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker tells to the little children the story of Christ's life in words of one syllable in *From the Crib to the Cross* (George A. Leavitt). The alliteration of the title is not to our taste. But the history is very well told, and there is less indication of a struggle after simplicity than is frequently to be seen in books of this kind. The same house also issues *The Pilgrim's Progress in Words of One Syllable*, by the same author. They are both prettily illustrated with colored prints, and will make very attractive volumes for the very little readers.

—If the demand for collections of devotional poetry is at all commensurate with the supply, we may conclude that the world is not entirely given over to money-making and frivolity. *Under the Cross* (Henry Hoyt) is compiled by Mr. B. K. Pierce, who, we believe, has already published another similar collection. He gives us in this volume many familiar hymns, and a goodly number of such as are more rare, all relating more or less to the cross of Christ and the cross which his followers are to bear. The volume is externally attractive.

—From the press of C. S. Scribner & Co. we receive the first two volumes of their popular edition of *Foude's History of England*. By far the most fascinating and philosophical of histories, with the exception of Macaulay's, which it fairly rivals, it deserves to be issued in a form and at a price which will put it within the reach of many who could not afford the more expensive edition. It is to be completed in twelve 12mo volumes, is unabridged, and is issued in a very creditable manner.

—*The Smithonian Report for 1869* devotes nearly half its space to translations, mainly from the French, and including several articles on heat. The most interesting papers are by Charles Rau, and on the subject of Indian antiquities. He seems to prove that holes in flint weapons were bored by means of a stick of wood rapidly revolved on the stone and resting on a bed of wet sand. Thus the sand was the cutting substance, and the stick gave movement to it.

—*Myriorama* (Buck & Neville) is an attempt by W. A. Peffer to afford in Miltonic verse "a view of our people and their history, together with the principles underlying and the circumstances attending the rise and progress of the American Union." The author or authoress appeals to our clemency and beseeches "the public to deal tenderly with my book. It is my first child." These tears touch us. We comply with the maternal request and are silent.

—*The Hand-book of Religious Instruction*, from the Dutch of Rev. J. H. Maronier, (William V. Spencer), presents the cardinal truths of the Christian religion, as they are understood by the Broad Church, in the form of a concise and comprehensive catechism. Its faults are those of deficient rather than erroneous statement. Its value is chiefly in its scriptural references, which are very voluminous.

—*Lavre, the History of a Blighted Life*, by L. C. H., (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger), is a beggar's card of misfortunes on an enlarged scale. If at the close the address of the author had been given, we should have understood why she published it. Perhaps any alms might be sent to her through her publishers. Unless for the purpose of making her case known to the charitable, we can conceive no motive for publishing this tale of sorrows.

—We have received the first part of the *Vicar of Bullhampton*, which is now appearing serially in *Lippincott's Magazine*. We reserve any criticism until the whole book shall appear.

—Grauert's *Manual of the German Language* and Ahn's *German Handwriting* are published by E. Steiger, New York.

—*Les Petites Filles Modèles* (S. R. Urbino, Boston) is a series of pretty French dialogues, arranged for class use.

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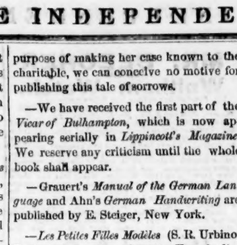

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BY DR. TRIMBLE, NEWARK, N. J.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE FARMERS' CLUB, N. Y., Nov. 2d, 1869.

ANY one who wishes to learn the condition of the fruit crops of the country can have no better place than the Washington Market of New York. Quinces, the late pears, and the winter supply of apples are now there. Those whose eyes have been educated to see blemishes upon fruit will be astonished at finding so many. The most apparent are those in the apples, and caused by the apple moth. This insect is the second in importance of all the enemies of our fruits. This moth, like most other moths and butterflies, increases rapidly. Some deposit several hundred eggs at a brood, and there are two broods of the apple moth each year. The rules of arithmetic would show us how such a rate of increase would so multiply all these enemies that all the apples of the country would soon be appropriated by them—none left for us. But this insect, like most others, has its checks. The weather sometimes comes to our relief. Some insects feed upon other insects, and many are destroyed by parasites. But I wish to speak now particularly of the birds as our friends in protecting us to a great extent against the dangerous accumulation of insect enemies. Here is a bunch of a dozen birds, already picked, bought in the Washington Market. Two of them are the downy woodpecker. This is one of the woodpecker family that remains with us all winter, and like most of the others is exclusively insectivorous. Here are some specimens of apples, like millions and millions of others every year, perforated through and through by an insect, until it is out of shape, insipid, and almost worthless. This is the work of the caterpiller of an apple moth. This caterpiller, after feeding to maturity, leaves the apple and seeks a place of concealment in which to spin its cocoon. If the tree has scales of bark large enough to suit its purpose, it will take refuge there, and there this downy woodpecker finds it. Here are scales of bark from apple and pear trees, under which the remains of the cocoons of this insect may be seen, and on the other side of each you may observe a hole leading directly to the middle of that cocoon. The hole was made by one of these downy woodpeckers, and through it he has taken the caterpiller that had destroyed an apple. I have long known that this terrible enemy of our fruits had its enemy amongst the birds; but until I found in the stomach of one of these downy woodpeckers several of these caterpillars I was at a loss to know to which of the many birds we were so much indebted. After long and patient watching, I was able to identify this one—caught in the act. There is probably nothing more wonderful in Nature than the ingenuity of many birds in finding their insect prey. This one finds this concealed caterpillar not by seeing it—that is impossible; not by smell nor by any motion—it is as quiet as a mummy; neither by instinct—the bird is American, the insect a foreign importation. No, he finds it by sounding; he taps all scales alike, but stops to make a hole through the one under which the worm lies. Would we have this bird in abundance, we should have more and better apples and pears, but like all the other woodpeckers, he is diminishing in numbers in proportion as the woods of the country are cut away. And sad to tell, the few that are left of this most valuable of all our small birds are sold in the markets of this city, ready picked, for four cents apiece.

Here are the heads of five cedar-birds, sometimes called cherry-birds. In consequence of the bad name this bird has, from the circumstance that it will sometimes take cherries, I have given it a thorough investigation. I have killed many; more than I ever will again. In the stomach of one I found several cankerworms, so perfect as to be readily identified, and the heads of enough more to make thirty-six in all. Think of that! Six cedar-birds taking a single meal thirty-six cankerworms. This insect has for half a century been a perfect scourge of the apple orchards of a great part of New England, and has at times seriously threatened other sections of the country. This little bird is a great feeder, and continues in flocks till near midsummer. Where insects appear in great numbers, as the canker and other spanworms sometimes do, it will come suddenly in large flocks, and feed there day after day till the pest is subdued. And this beautiful little friend of ours—the second best of all the birds—is sold by bushels in this market both fall and spring; and no one, not even Berg, to cry shame. In the stomachs of these cedar-birds I found nothing but cedar and juniper berries—the peculiar smell of the latter was very perceptible in the stomachs of two. The lovers of gin will probably be enemies of this bird in future; but, when it is known that all the juniper berries used in this country come from Europe, it may mollify the wrath of the gin-drinkers. Here is the head of the American shrike, or butcher-bird. Its stomach was filled to repletion with a mass of insects, but so comminuted as to be undistinguishable except by a microscope. This bird, it is said, will transfix insects on thorns or briers, after satisfying his present wants, so as to keep them till hungry.

Here is a meadow-lark. You will observe how long and strong the beak is. He had fed to repletion on a species of rednvious insect, like the squash or pumpkin-bug. In all examinations of the stomachs of larks I have found insects only, and nearly always but one kind of an insect at a time. In the early spring they will feed upon lules, a species of centipede, found about the roots of grass. In the summer you will find beetles. This bird appears to have an instinct by which it knows where to find its insect food by the appearance of the vegetation, and its beak is formed for such a purpose. If shot when feeding, it will be often found coated with mud. This bird is insectivorous, except when the ground is covered with snow; it will then, from necessity, visit your barns or stacks for seeds and grain.

And now, please, let your imaginations carry you back to the country in June, on the old farm—in the meadows. You will see those superb tints glistening in the sunbeams. You will hear that glorious burst of melody, and the sense of happiness thrills all through you. God knew how to make a world, and to call it good when it was made. He made the meadow-lark. He painted it. He made its beak to penetrate the earth, there to catch the insects sapping the roots of our plants. He fashioned the organ to produce that wonderful melody.

Meadow-larks are sold in your markets for ten cents apiece. Here is a robin; bushels and bushels of robins are in your markets for a dollar a dozen. How would any of you feel if some vagabond boy should shoot your robin—the red-breast that greets you morning and evening from the top of your highest tree in the garden?

This larger bird is the largest of the woodpecker family in this part of the country. It is commonly called a flicker, sometimes high-holer, because it makes a hole for its nest high up in a tree. The stomach of this bird contained a red berry like a cranberry, the seeds of dogwood berries, and nearly a thousand small ants. From former examinations of this bird, I should judge that ants are its chief food. I once counted 800, mostly in the larvæ condition, taken at one meal. The flesh of this bird is hard and the smell rank—not fit for food; still it is often in the market.

Here are the heads of three cat-birds. Every one knows this bird. It is everywhere in the country, and often frequents our larger gardens in the city. It is a mocking-bird, and very nearly allied to the one kept as a pet. Like your pet mocking-bird, it will eat a great variety of food. These had been feeding upon berries; one had eaten purple ones, from a species of dogwood, until the stomach was purple through and through. In the summer, when feeding its young, the cat-bird is often very valuable. Many times our grape-leaves are destroyed by caterpillars. One species this last season was very destructive, they appearing in great numbers very suddenly, and from their manner of feeding are called processionary caterpillars. In a few days the leaves on those grape-vines will be mere skeletons. If cat-birds have nests in that neighborhood, those processions are soon broken up.

Near where I bought these birds was another stand, kept by a woman, where birds still less were hanging up for sale. I asked what they were. She said reed-birds. (Reed-birds left us for the South a month ago.) She had ten or twelve bunches, with a dozen each. There were blue-birds, yellow-birds or finches, creepers, nut-hatches, several downy woodpeckers; but the greater number were wood-robins and the hermit-thrush, and at four shillings a dozen. I offered to buy a dozen if she would let me pick out the different kinds. This seemed to excite suspicion, and she at once said: "There were no English sparrows amongst them." I soon found it would be impossible for me to get what I wanted, and left, intending to send some one the next morning to get either an assortment or take the whole. But the next morning they were gone. The blue-bird I had several times examined, finding it exclusively insectivorous, as its beak indicates. The creepers and nut-hatchers can eat nothing else but insects. The wood-robins and hermit-thrushes I had never killed, nor ever will. While their beaks indicate them to be somewhat omnivorous, like the other thrushes, as they live in the dense woods, they can do us no harm, even if they do not live exclusively on insects. Any one familiar with the song of the wood-robin needs no description. That most valuable author on ornithology, Alexander Wilson, left directions in his will that he should be buried under the trees in the burial-ground of the Swedes' Church, near Philadelphia, so that the birds could sing over his grave. Of all the singing-birds, the wood-robin was the special favorite of Wilson; but the songs of the hermit-thrush were considered by Audubon as still more exquisite. By common consent the melody of these two little birds is unrivaled in this world; and yet a woman in the Washington Market calls them reed-birds, and sells them for four shillings a dozen.

I have for years been investigating the food of birds. I wished to know positively how far they were useful to us in controlling the insects destructive to our crops. I have killed and dissected many, so that the information should be absolute. I shall kill no more for such a purpose. I have learned enough to satisfy any one that the birds are one of the links in the chain of creation, just as necessary as any other link for the harmonious working of the whole. There is check and countercheck everywhere. Take out the birds, and insects would soon preponderate. (Hundreds of instances could be given where the experiment has been tried.)

Now, what can be done to prevent the wanton destruction of agents so valuable? In New Jersey we have a law ample for the protection of the birds, if enforced. Most other states, I believe, have similar laws. But your markets show how little they are regarded. This Club may do something. By giving proper information, we may show the people how much it is to their interest to spare the birds, and thus create a public sentiment stronger than law for their protection. True, some of them will help themselves to our cherries, and an oriole will occasionally sip nectar from our grapes. Not only boys, but even men, have been known to shoot them for making so free. Let me implore both men and boys to shoot no more birds from such a motive. Remember they work for you seven days in the week, and charge you nothing but this occasional indulgence.

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The MASSACHUSETTS LAW in full adopted by this Company, and applied wherever preferred by the assured. It grants an extension of the policy for the full amount until the net value is exhausted. Thus: Age 35. Premium $26 36. The holder is entitled without further payment to the following extra insurance,

When 2d payment is due and unpaid,	1 year	3 days.
" 3d " " "	2 years	12 "
" 4th " " "	3 "	27 "
" 5th " " "	4 "	46 "

LOSSES promptly adjusted in CASH.
No extra rates for assurance of Women or Officers of the Army, Navy, Steamships, or Railways.
All RECENT IMPROVEMENTS adopted, and all DESIRABLE CONCESSIONS to the assured made.
NO OTHER COMPANY OFFERS ALL THE FOREGOING ADVANTAGES

"PARTICIPATION INSURANCE."

The only system of insurance under which a company's ability to pay its losses KEEPS FULL PACE with its increasing business and consequent increasing liability to incur loss, without imposing any liability whatever upon the holders of its Policies.

CONTINENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

102 Broadway, New York.

STATEMENT OF JULY 1, 1869.

CASH CAPITAL	$500,000 00
SURPLUS	1,512,622 59
CASH ASSETS	$2,012,622 59

THE
CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY
Insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandise, household furniture, farm property, including stock, RENTS, LEASES, and all other insurable property, *at reasonable rates of Premium*, on the PARTICIPATING PLAN, dividing three-fourths of the profits to its customers in scrip bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $500,000.
The scrip issues of this Company for 1867, '68, '69, '60, '61, and '62 are now being redeemed in cash.

DIRECTORS:

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Vice-President.

A. A. Low.....A. A. Low & Brothers.
JOHN D. MARKS.....David Dows & Co.
S. B. CHITTENDEN.....S. B. Chittenden & Co.
LORING ANDREWS.....Loring Andrews & Sons
CARLOS COWDIN.....
WM. T. COLEMAN.....Wm. T. Coleman & Co.
WM. H. SWAN.....Grinnell, Minturn & Co.
WILLIAM T. BOOTH.....Booth & Edgar.
CHAS. M. CONNOLLY.....Connolly & Co.
WILLIAM V. BRADY.....
GEORGE W. LANE.....Geo. W. Lane & Co.
CHAS. COREY TABER.....C. C. & H. M. Taber.
SAMUEL D. BABCOCK.....Babcock, Brothers & Co.
HENRY C. BOWEN.....Henry C. Bowen.
AURELIUS B. HULL.....Fahnestock, Hull & Co.
JAMES FRASER.....Fraser, Major & Co.
WILLIAM M. VAIL.....
HIRAM BARNEY.....Barney, Butler & Parsons.
LAWRENCE TURNURE.....Moses Taylor & Co.
SHEPPARD GANDY.....Sheppard Gandy.
GEORGE GRISWOLD.....N. L. & G. Griswold.
SAMUEL A. SAWYER.....Sawyer, Wallace Co.
CYRUS CURTISS.....President Washington Life Ins. Co.
WILLIAM D. MORGAN.....E. R. Morgan & Son.
WM. ALLEN BUTLER.....
URIEL A. MURDOCK.....President Continental Bank.
D. H. ARNOLD.....President of Riverside Bank.
CHARLES LAMSON.....C. H. Marshall & Co.
A. H. BRIGHAM.....Late Brigham & Parsons.
WELLINGTON CLAFF.....Late Claff & Kent.
READING JOHNSON.....Johnson & Lazarus.
JOHN CASWELL.....Jonny Caswell & Co.
HENRY F. SPALDING.....Spalding, Sunn & Co.
JOHN PAINE.....
JOSEPH HATFIELD.....Edenton, Battell & Co.
ROBERT H. McCURDY, late McCurdy, Aldrich & Spencer.
GEORGE S. STEPHENSON.....George S. Stephenson & Co.
CHARLES MOORE.....E. Pavenstedt & Co.
WM. M. RICHARDS.....Richards & Colfax.
JOHN H. EARLE.....Earl & Cunningham.
HENRY EYRE.....
CHARLES H. BOOTH.....Charles H. Booth & Co.
EDWARD MARTIN.....Cragin & Co.
HORACE B. CLAFLIN.....H. B. Claflin & Co.

CYRUS PECK Secretary.

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.

NEW YORK, January 20th, 1869.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1868.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1868, to 31st Dec., 1868	$6,793,909 83
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1868	2,307,092 30
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$9,345,972 13
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868	$6,307,570 89
Losses paid during the same period	$3,781,099 49
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,283,230 61

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:
United States and State of New York Stock.
City, Bank and other Stocks.....$7,397,435 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise.....2,214,100 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages.....210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at.....200,000 00
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable.....2,261,367 00
Cash in Bank.....405,548 80
Total Amount of Assets.....$13,660,851 39

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the Second of February next

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1868, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the 6th of April next.

By order of the Board.
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

JOHN D. JONES, CHARLES DENNIS, W. H. H. MOORE, HENRY COIT, WM. C. PICKERSGILL, LEWIS CURTIS, CHARLES H. RUSSELL, LOWELL HOLBROOK, R. WARREN WESTON, ROYAL PHELPS, CALEB BARSTOW, A. P. PILLOT, WILLIAM E. DODGE, ROBT. C. FERGUSSON, DAVID LANE, JAMES BRYCE, FRANCIS SKIDDY, DANIEL S. MILLER, WM. STURGIS, CHAS. P. BURDETT, HENRY K. BOGERT, DENNIS PERKINS, JOSEPH GAILLARD, JR. C. A. HAND, B. J. HOWLAND, BENJ. BABCOCK, ROBT. B. MINTURN, JR., GORDON W. BURNHAM, FREDERICK CHAUNCEY, JAMES LOW, GEORGE ESTEPHENSON, WILLIAM H. WEBB, PAUL SPOFFORD, SHEPPARD GANDY, ROBERT L. TAYLOR, SAMUEL G. WARD, WILLIAM M. BUNKER, SAMUEL F. MITCHILL, JAMES G. DE FOREST,

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

HOME

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

MUTUAL.

254 BROADWAY, New York.

Assets, $2,000,000. *Assured Members*, 10,000.

OFFICERS:

WALTER S. GRIFFITH, *President.* I. H. FROTHINGHAM, *Treasurer.*
GEORGE C. RIPLEY, *Secretary.* WILLIAM J. COFFIN, *Actuary*

☞ AGENTS WANTED

SECURITY

INSURANCE COMPANY

119 Broadway, N. Y.

ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1869, $1,706,611 91.

FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

A. F. HASTINGS, President,
W. B. BUCKHOUT, Vice-President.
NATHAN HARPER, Secretary

TRAVELERS INSURANEC COMPANY of Hartford, Conn. Cash Assets $1,500,000, grants both LIFE and ACCIDENT Insurance on favorable terms. It has paid over One Million Dollars in benefits to Policy Holders.

DR. LANGLEY'S ROOT AND HERB BITTERS. The Great Blood Purifier, the Best Health Restorer; and the most perfect Spring and Summer Medicine ever discovered.

ANCHOR

Life Insurance Co.

NO. 178 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

Capital and Assets, $200,000.

OFFICERS:

EDMUND C. FISHER, Pres.
JAS. COPSILL, Vice-Pres.
A. S. FITCH, Sec'y.

—:o:—

This Company issues all kinds of Life and Endowment Policies on THE MUTUAL PLAN.
All Policies non-forfeiting after two payments.
No restrictions on travel or residence.
Annual dividends non-forfeitable.
No extra rate for female lives.
Thirty days' grace allowed in payment of premiums.

No Forfeiture of Policies for Non-payment of Premiums.

REDUCED RATES.

The premiums charged by this Company are reduced so low as to equal in some cases a

25 PER CENT. DIVIDEND
IN ADVANCE.

All the Policies issued by this Company contain a clause guaranteeing a positive

Cash Surrender Value.

JULY 1st, 1869.—This Company has just declared its first dividend, averaging 30 per cent., the largest paid by any Company its first year.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED

IN EVERY CITY AND TOWN.

Send for circular.

THE

EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 92 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WM. C. ALEXANDER, *President.*
HENRY B. HYDE, *Vice-President.*
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, *Actuary.*
JAS. W. ALEXANDER, *Secretary.*

Assets, $10,000,000 Cash.
Annual Income, $6,000,000.

Actual Results as Shown in the Case of Policies Already Paid:

Late Residence.	Name.	No. of Policy.	Amount of Policy.	Amount of Premiums Paid.	Dividends.	Premiums paid on Policies not Dividended.	Dividends applied to diminish Premiums.	Premiums paid in Cash.
Cleveland, O.	Phillip J. Price,	2,036	5,000	275.10	1,375.50	1,100	275	825
St. Louis, Mo.	John C. Thompson,	2,460	5,000	117.90	589.45	471	118	353
Binghamton, N. Y.	Daniel S. Dickinson,	2,475	10,000	1,319.80	6,599.00	5,279	1,320	3,959
Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. Hooper Ballantine,	2,500	5,000	196.70	983.50	786	197	589
Dorchester, Mass.	Edward Kent,	2,501	10,000	1,052.85	4,264.25	3,411	852	2,559
New York	Thomas M. Taylor,	2,502	10,000	1,052.85	4,264.25	3,411	852	2,559
Columbia, Mo.	John P. Robbins,	2,503	5,000	1,401.10	7,005.50	5,604	1,401	4,203
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Charles Pack,	2,504	5,000	116.15	580.75	464	116	348
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Russell Hubbard,	2,505	5,000	226.85	1,134.25	907	227	680
Boston, Mass.	Robert Dalton,	2,506	5,000	474.70	2,373.50	1,898	475	1,423
Boston, Mass.	Robert Dalton,	2,507	5,000	474.70	2,373.50	1,898	475	1,423
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Daniel Drake, Jr.,	2,508	5,000	215.30	1,076.50	861	215	646
Chicago, Ill.	William H. Baker,	2,509	5,000	215.30	1,076.50	861	215	646
Chicago, Ill.	Thomas Jones, Jr.,	2,510	5,000	215.30	1,076.50	861	215	646
New York	Thomas Jones, Jr.,	2,511	5,000	215.30	1,076.50	861	215	646
Columbia, Mo.	John P. Robbins,	2,512	5,000	1,401.10	7,005.50	5,604	1,401	4,203
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Charles Pack,	2,513	5,000	116.15	580.75	464	116	348
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Russell Hubbard,	2,514	5,000	226.85	1,134.25	907	227	680
Boston, Mass.	Robert Dalton,	2,515	5,000	474.70	2,373.50	1,898	475	1,423
Boston, Mass.	Robert Dalton,	2,516	5,000	474.70	2,373.50	1,898	475	1,423
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Daniel Drake, Jr.,	2,517	5,000	215.30	1,076.50	861	215	646
Chicago, Ill.	William H. Baker,	2,518	5,000	215.30	1,076.50	861	215	646
Chicago, Ill.	Thomas Jones, Jr.,	2,519	5,000	215.30	1,076.50	861	215	646
New York	Thomas Jones, Jr.,	2,520	5,000	215.30	1,076.50	861	215	646

Examine the "Tontine-Dividend" System of the Equitable.

Dividends Three Times as Large

AS HAVE HITHERTO BEEN DECLARED BY ANY COMPANY.

ECONOMICAL

MUTUAL

Life Insurance Co.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LIFE INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL, RICH AND POOR.

For every $1,000 of Liabilities it has $1,820 in Assets.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.

1. Lower rates of premium than any other Mutual Company.
2. Stock rates as low as can safely be afforded by any Company.
3. No extra rates on Officers of Lake and River Boats, on lives of Women, or Officers of the Army and Navy.
4. Cash Dividends applied to reduce the second and all subsequent annual premiums, or to increase the insurance, if desired thereby, securing
5. An Increasing Policy or a Decreasing Premium.
6. No premiums forfeitable. This Company will issue a paid-up policy for one annual premium.
7. It pays no percentage to Directors.
8. The Officers and Directors are men of national reputation and known integrity, numbering among others Senators SPRAGUE and ANTHONY, General BURNSIDE, and the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Its rapid and healthy growth is convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the public in its soundness and liberality.

Number of Policies Issued from June, 1867, to June, 1868, 1,005, Insuring $2,588,090.45.
Number of Policies Issued from June, 1868, to June, 1869, 1,268, Insuring $3,382,156.68.

SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Prest.
C. C. McKNIGHT Vice-Prest.
Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT, of Massachusett, Actuary.
A. H. OKIE, M.D., F. H. PECKHAM, M.D., } Medical Board.
Wm. Y. POTTER, Secretary.

N. BANGS WILLIAMS,
General Agent for New York, 10 Wall st.

BRANCH OFFICES:
PHILADELPHIA, ST. LOUIS, BOSTON, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO.

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Office No. 161 Broadway, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL	$200,000 00
SURPLUS	130,819 88
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, April 1st, 1867	$329,819 88

ALFRED DOUGLAS, President.
JOHN B. ARTHUR, Secretary.
ED. S. BATTELLE, Assistant Secretary.

THE MUTUAL

Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

144 and 146 BROADWAY.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

CASH ASSETS

Over $36,000,000,

Invested in Loans on Bond and Mortgage or United States Stocks.

ISSUES EVERY APPROVED DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES ON SELECTED LIVES AT MODERATE RATES, RETURNING ALL SURPLUS ANNUALLY TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS TO BE USED EITHER IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS OR TO PURCHASE ADDITIONAL INSURANCE, AT THE OPTION OF THE ASSURED.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, Vice-President.
JOHN M. STUART, Secretary.
F. SCHROEDER, Ass't Secretary.
SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.
LEWIS C. LAWTON, Ass't Actuary.

N. B. EVERY POLICY-HOLDER IN THE

MUTUAL LIFE AND **AMERICAN POPULAR INSURANCE COMPANIES.**

The former has done itself the honor to acknowledge the strong points of the latter, by issuing through its able General Agents of New York State a document exhibiting a

"Striking Contrast"

by 13 points between these Companies.

The General Agents of the latter in Albany have replied by a

"Decisive Stroke"

of 14 points, and printed the "Contrast" therewith verbatim. The whole can be had by any person of the Agents at Albany, or at the office of the American Popular Life Insurance Company, 419 Broadway, N. Y. Mailed free to any address.

MANHATTAN

Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

Offices Nos. 156 & 158 Broadway.

No Experiment, but an Established Institution!

Organized A. D. 1850.

HENRY STOKES, PRESIDENT.
C. Y. WEMPLE Vice-President.
J. L. HALSEY, Secretary.
S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assist. Sec'y.

A business of nineteen years, characterized by prudence and economy, and the utmost care in the selection of risks, has placed this in a condition inferior to that of no other Company, and superior to that of the majority. The true standard by which to judge of a Company's strength is not the AMOUNT of its assets, but the RATIO OF ITS ASSETS TO ITS LIABILITIES.

We refer with pride and confidence to the following figures of the MAHATTAN as shown by official statements of New York and Massachusetts.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1869.....$1,233,241.
SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES.....$1,066,310.
RATIO.....$235 Assets for every $100 Liabilities.
RATIO OF EXPENSE TO RECEIPTS.....813.36.

THE INTEREST RECEIVED FROM ITS INVESTMENTS MORE THAN PAYS ITS EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT.

The Dividends declared by the MAHATTAN are PROGRESSIVE and increase with the age of the Policy

The Company is paying some Sixty per cent. dividends this year. It offers the largest Bonus ever given by any Company in so short a time.

All Limited Payment and Endowment Policies are non-forfeitable after ONE PAYMENT. For instance, if payments cease on Ten-year plan, paid-up Policies are issued for one-tenth of original Policy for each payment made, without equivocation or subterfuge.

We respectfully ask the attention of Insurers to the advantages offered by our Company.

GENERAL AGENTS.

GEORGE A. FRENCH, Manchester, N. H., for Maine and New Hampshire.
EVERETT & PEIRCE, Boston, Massachusetts, for Eastern Massachusetts.
O. L. SHELDON, Rochester, New York, for Northern New York.
R. J. BALL, Buffalo, New York, for Western New York.
J. B. CARR, Philadelphia, Pa., for Philadelphia and Delaware.
J. ADAIR PLEASANTS, Richmond, Va., for Virginia, North and South Carolina, etc.
LEWIS, SMYTH & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, for Ohio and Kentucky.
GEO. N. REYNOLDS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for Wisconsin.
LANDERS & CO., San Francisco, for the Pacific Coast.
W. NISBET & CO., St. Louis, for Missouri.

HOME

Insurance Company

Offices No. 135 Broadway, New York, and 151 Montague St., Brooklyn.

Cash Capital - $2,000,000 00

Assets July 1, 1869	4,243,234 53
Liabilities	75,489 35

Desiring to deal directly with its Customers, this Company will hereafter make a rebate from the Premium on Risks in the City, equal to the Commission heretofore paid as Brokerage.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
S. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.

THE EXCELSIOR

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

63 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Policy Holders Participate in Profits.

POLICIES NON-FORFEITING and Convertible into Annuities.

SAMUEL T. HOWARD, President. F. A. PLATT, Vice-President.
SIDNEY WARD, Secretary. CHAS. N. MORGAN, Actuary.
ELLIOTT P. SHEPARD, Counsel. EDMUND FOWLER, M.D., Medical Examiner.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS'

Life Insurance Company of New York,

No. 200 BROADWAY, BETWEEN FULTON AND JOHN STS.

CASH CAPITAL, $125,000.

$100,000 Deposited with the Insurance Department of the State for the Protection of the Policy-holders.

All the officers and directors (without an exception) are stockholders, and will take good care that the proper reserves for the further protection of the Policy-holders will be made. This Company makes a cash dividend to its Policy-holders of from 33½ to 50 per cent. each year and in advance, by means of its low rates of premiums.
The safety of the Policy-holder is guarded. All companies are obliged by the state to set aside the same reserve.
This Company imposes no restriction on travel after one annual payment has been made.
This Company insures the lives of females.
This Company will not contest any legal claim.
This Company will pay claims as soon as the proof thereof is fully established.

CORHAM Mfg Co.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

STERLING SILVER WARE

AND

Fine Electro-Plated WARE.

This Company, having the most extensive and complete Silver Ware Factory in the world, and employing the best talent in designing, modeling, and finishing, are, with the aid of ingenious and labor-saving machinery, enabled to produce in large quantities, and at the lowest prices, goods Beautiful in design and unsurpassed in finish, the fineness of which they guarantee to be of sterling purity, U. S. Mint assay. A certificate is issued with all articles in silver for the purpose of protecting purchasers from imitations of their designs.

They also continue to manufacture their well-known and unrivaled Nickel Silver Electro-Plated Ware, which will last twenty-five years with fair every-day usage.

Orders received from the Trade only; but these goods may be obtained from responsible dealers everywhere.

Trade Mark for Silver. Sterling. Trade Mark for Electro-Plate. CORHAM MFG CO

The Corham Ware

May be Obtained from

ADAMS, CHANDLER & Co.,

No. 20 John Street, New York.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with churches. Photographs showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,
No. 20 John street, New York.

Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,

No. 22 JOHN St. and 19 MAIDEN LANE, have now open for inspection a large variety of

WORKS OF ART,

ESPECIALLY SELECTED FOR

Bridal and Presentation Purposes.

CONSISTING OF

SOLID SILVER WARE IN CASES, BRONZE, MARBLE, AND PORCELAIN CARD-RECEIVERS, NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY,

and Articles of Vertu of every description.

SQUIRE & LANDER,

No. 91 Fulton st., New York, is the best place to buy reliable WATCHES, fine DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, and SILVER WARE. *Diamonds a specialty.*

REED & BARTON

ESTABLISHED 1824,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST QUALITY OF

Silver-plated Goods,

Spoons and Forks, and Table Ware of every description, elegant in design and finish,

would call especial attention to our

Patent Seamless & Glass-Lined ICE PITCHERS,

made with MOVABLE LININGS, which have been tested and highly recommended by Prof. HAYES, State Assayer of Massachusetts.

Our goods are sold by the principal dealers in the United States, with our warranty that they are made of the best quality of metal and heavily plated with pure Silver.

The Highest Prize for Silver-Plated Goods was awarded to REED & BARTON by the American Institute, New York, in 1867.

Office and Show Rooms at the Factory, TAUNTON, Mass., and No. 2 MAIDEN LANE, New York.

"PERFECTION" Coffee Pot.

Patented, June 1st, 1869.

Superior to any yet invented, combining all the advantages of the French patents, with wonderful

SIMPLICITY, DURABILITY, and CHEAPNESS.

Lovers of GOOD COFFEE are unanimous in its praise.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
Wallingford, Conn.
SAMPLE AND SALESROOM,
No. 19 John Street N. Y.

USE

JEWELL BROTHERS'

CELEBRATED

LEAVENING FLOUR.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS

EARTH-CLOSETS CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

MANUFACTORY AND SALESROOMS

NEW YORK 244 BROADWAY. PHILADELPHIA 838 MARKET ST. BOSTON 16 DOANE ST.

EARTH-CLOSETS

Upholstery Goods.

EMBROIDERED LACE CURTAINS,
CORNICES AND WINDOW DECORATIONS,
PIANO-COVERS AND TABLE COVERS,
GIMPS, FRINGES, AND TASSELS,
BROCATELS, SATIN DAMASKS, AND REPS,
STRIPED AND BORDERED WORSTED REPS.

Linen Goods.

A large invoice of these goods selling off at less than the cost of importation.

ELDER-DOWN QUILTS, BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, and PILLOW-CASINGS, TOWELINGS of every variety, TABLE DAMASKS in all qualities.

I. E. WALRAVEN,

251 BROADWAY, BELOW 8TH ST., New York City;
719 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

THE

Union Spring Hinge

FOR DOORS AND GATES.

"The most effective and best Hinge we have used."
UNION ARMORY, Company, Brooklyn.

Address THE UNION SPRING HINGE COMPANY,
79 Chambers street, N. Y.

Send for Circular.

OTIS

SAFETY HOISTING MACHINERY.

OTIS BROS. & CO.,
No. 239 Broadway, New York.

TURNER BROTHERS,

BANKERS,

NO. 14 NASSAU STREET,

Buy and Sell Gold and all Marketable Securities, received money on deposit, and make collections in all parts of the United States and British Provinces.

WALTHAM WATCHES ARE THE BEST.

Financial & Commercial.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

MR. BOUTWELL'S statement of the public debt for November 1st, 1869, presents the following figures: (1.) The outstanding debt bearing interest in coin, $2,107,036,800 00, with accrued interest, including coupons due not presented for payment, to the amount of $52,024,843 58. (2.) The debt bearing currency interest, $61,640,000 00, with $1,211,900 00 of accrued interest. (3.) The debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $4,389,986 64, with $570,993 16 of accrued interest. (4.) The debt bearing no interest, $421,880,220 88. (5.) Total debt outstanding, $2,595,847,007 52. (6.) Total amount, including principal and interest to date, with coupons due not presented for payment, $2,649,054,741 26. (7.) Decrease of the debt during the past month, **$7,363,852 75.** (8.) The total decrease since March 1st, 1869, **$64,332,070 65.**

On the 1st of the present month Mr. Boutwell held in the Treasury the following assets:

Coin	$116,934,771 69
Currency	7,248,205 24
Sinking Fund Bonds and accrued interest	18,260,001 47
Other bonds purchased and accrued interest	46,020,746 50
	$188,523,754 09

Deducting the assets from the whole amount of the outstanding debt, we have a balance left of $2,461,131,189 36, as against $2,468,495,072 11 at the close of the previous month. The accrued interest payable November 1st amounts to $25,426,279 50. Deduct this from the coin in the Treasury, and we have a coin balance of $90,996,739 03 still left. Deduct again certificates of gold deposited in the Treasury, and also $3,750,706 25 of coupons due not presented for payment, and we have a coin balance of $38,514,512 78 in the Treasury beyond all present demands or liabilities. On the first of January next the gold interest then matured will amount to $31,508,982, estimated at the present status of the debt, without any reduction for the next two months. The next gold interest payment of $4,804,182 on the Ten-Forties does not occur till March first, 1870; and the next in May, equal in amount to the present November interest on the supposition of no further reduction of the debt. Add, then, the January, March, and May gold interests together, and the aggregate is $61,799,443; or a little more than three millions in excess of the present coin balance in the Treasury, beyond all liabilities and demands.

The question that we raise in view of these figures is the financial expediency of keeping on hand, and of course in the *idle* state, so large a gold surplus in the Treasury. The present surplus is nearly equal to the total gold interest on the public debt till next July. Here is a period of eight months, during which the gold receipts from import duties will be more than sufficient to cover the interest liabilities of the Government for coin as they mature. They have done so in the past, and there is no reason for supposing that they will not continue to do so. Why then *hoard* the gold? What practical use does it serve while kept in this state? What contingent peril is there against which so large a surplus is necessary to provide? Why not sell it more rapidly, and buy bonds with it, and thus reduce the interest? Why not pour it into the market, and in this way contribute to the reduction of the premium on gold? We are not able to see any good answer to these questions. The Secretary of the Treasury proposes to sell $11,000,000 of gold during this month, and buy $10,000,000 of Five-twenties. This is well; but we think that it would be better if the sales and purchases were at least twice the amount. This is one of the subjects that should claim the attention of Congress at its next session. The Secretary of the Treasury should not only be authorized, but also required by law to apply any surplus in the Treasury beyond a fixed amount to the liquidation of the public debt.

COTTON PRODUCTION.

THE statistical returns of the cotton crop for 1868–69 show a production in the Southern States of 2,439,039 bales, as against 2,593,998 bales for 1867–1868. Of this amount 1,448,020 bales were exported to foreign countries, chiefly to England, and 998,866 bales worked up by American manufacture. In 1859–60 the crop reached the unprecedented amount of 4,699,770 bales; in 1860–61 it was 3,656,086 bales; during the war from 1861 to 1865 we have no returns; in 1865–66 the crop was 2,193,978 bales; in 1866–67 it was 2,019,774 bales; and in 1867–68 it was, as already stated, 2,593,998 bales, or 154,054 bales in excess of 1868–69.

It thus appears that the crop of last year, though less than that of 1867–68, is, nevertheless, considerably above the annual average of the previous years since 1860–61. The exportation of cotton for the last year has been less than that of any former year since 1863. Moreover, the stock on hand, in this country and in Europe, is estimated to be less by 330,000 bales than it was at the same time last year, showing that during the year 1869–70 there must be either an increased production or a diminished manufacture of cotton. The price at New York during 1867–68 ranged from 15¼ cents per pound for the lowest to 32¼ cents for the highest. During 1868–69 it ranged from 24½ cents for the lowest to 35 cents for the highest. In August 29th, 1869, it was 34½ cents per pound, as against 30¼ cents for the corresponding period of the previous year. This indicates a very considerable average advance in the price of cotton in 1868–69, as compared with 1867–68. The present prospect is that the price will continue at a high mark for the current year, and probably for some years to come.

The state of the market and the cotton wants of the world, creating a demand for the "raw material," ought to lead to a largely increased production of cotton in this country. It is estimated that the demand in Europe and this country requires a supply of at least 6,000,000 of bales, while the total production of the world for the past year amounts only to 5,000,000 of bales, leaving a deficiency of 1,000,000 of bales at the close of the present year. The largest part of this production comes from the cotton states of this country. These states—namely, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee—contain 426,365,440 acres of land. Missouri and Virginia may also be added as capable of a large cotton production. In these states cotton can be raised of a better quality, in larger quantities, and at a cheaper price than in any other part of the world. They constitute the cotton region of the earth, against which no other can successfully compete. The great demand of these states for a full development of their cotton resources consists in capital, skillful agriculture, and an ample supply of labor. With these conditions the cotton crop may easily be doubled in a few years. As we anticipate, these conditions will ere long be supplied far beyond their present extent; and hence, at no distant period, the cotton crop of this country will, as we believe, fully respond to the wants of the world, while yielding an ample profit to the producer. Cotton is no longer "king," as in the days of slavery; yet it will be the fault of the American people if its production does not equal the demand of the world's manufacture.

NEW YORK AND OSWEGO MIDLAND RAILROAD BONDS.

WE invite the particular attention of capitalists and investors to the advertisement of Messrs. George Opdyke & Co., in another column. They offer for sale the first mortgage 7 per cent. gold bonds of the New York & Oswego Midland Railroad Company—one of the very best bonds of its character ever presented to the public. *We know whereof we affirm*, having had occasion to examine particularly into the affairs of this corporation; and we know, also, that our strongest and most conservative capitalists, banks, and savings institutions are buying largely of these bonds for a permanent investment. Our readers need only be told that A. A. Low, Delos De Wolf, and George Opdyke are the trustees for the bondholders, and that the interests of the bondholders are perfectly safe in the hands of such men. These bonds are a first mortgage on what is to be, a few months hence only, one of the great thoroughfares of the country. One hundred and fifty miles of the road are already completed, and in operation, and the remainder is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. That portion already finished is paying handsomely; and when the whole is completed it will be a first-class concern in every respect. These bonds, now offered, are no *ordinary* security. They are the *kind* of investment sought for by thousands who only need to know the facts in order to be induced to sell both Government and other securities, which pay less profit, and reinvest in these bonds. This road begins in Jersey City, opposite New York, and ends at Oswego. It will be the shortest route to both Oswego and Buffalo. We have only space to say that there is no first mortgage bond on the market on any New York railroad which is not good and on which the interest is not paid promptly; and we also are satisfied that no railroad leading from this great metropolis possesses advantages for commanding a first-class business superior to this.

In answer to letters from our subscribers, in all quarters, concerning these and other bonds, we will say that any money, government bonds, or other securities sent us to be invested or exchanged for these or any other bonds advertised in our columns will be received and promptly appropriated as directed, and without any charge whatever for our services.

MONEY MARKET.

THE continued abundance of money and the easy terms of call loans to brokers is a cause of considerable embarrassment in the Stock Exchange; and, as time loans are still difficult to negotiate, the speculators are naturally cautious about operations, except from day to day. According to all prudent calculations, money ought to be tight during this month and the next, and the outflow of currency to the South ought to be much greater than it is. The bank statement on Saturday afternoon did not have a very promising look; but money has been very abundant ever since, and it has been difficult to loan it at 5 to 6 per cent. on call.

The bank statement exhibits the following relative strength of the movement, in the point of lawful money security, to the previous statement. The banks owed:

	Oct. 30, '69.	*Nov. 6, '69.*	*Nov. 7, '68.*
On Deposit	$180,828,863	$182,981,132	$177,849,910
Circulation	34,136,249	34,188,057	34,069,802
Total	$214,965,131	$217,169,595	$211,919,712
25 per ct. would be	$53,741,283	$54,297,448	$52,979,963
In Gold and Greenbacks	34,102,929	75,076,615	68,357,567
Excess	$20,362,646	$20,909,167	$15,377,604

The increase in specie through the Government sales of gold and disbursements of the November coin interest is over three millions; so that the banks actually gain a million in reserve. As the deposits have increased about two millions, the gain in surplus over the legal reserve is only half a million. Something of a sensation was temporarily created early last week by a report from Washington, published in the *World*, to the effect that Secretary Boutwell was making arrangements for commencing specie payments in January. But it was soon found to be an invention, set afloat for an effect upon the market, which it did not produce. But gold has continued to decline, until it has reached 126½; and if left to find its own level, like other commodities, it would not be long in falling ten per cent. lower. Large shipments of cotton and grain are now being made to Europe, and our imports are daily growing smaller, particularly of dry goods, though they are still larger than at this time last year.

Notwithstanding the ease in the money market, commercial paper is difficult of sale, and cannot be negotiated at less than double the rates of call loans. The banks are discounting liberally for their regular customers.

No failures of importance are announced, but there was one on Monday, that of A. Bininger & Co., liquor dealers, which caused a good deal of surprise, as it was the oldest mercantile firm in New York, if not in the country, it having been established something more than a hundred years.

On the Stock Exchange there has been a rather buoyant feeling since the commencement of the week, and most of the railroad shares have advanced in price, the Vanderbilt consolidated stocks in particular; N. Y. Central having sold up to 185¼, at which price it is about equal to 90 for an 8 per cent. stock, which is certainly very cheap. But the public have been so completely mystified by the strange conduct of the "Commodore" in making the extra dividend scrip instead of stock, as was expected, that everybody is afraid to trust to him. His motive seems to have been to disappoint the speculators, and he certainly succeeded astonishingly well in doing so. As he has published no statement of the affairs of the two roads, distrust is felt in some quarters of their condition warranting so large an extra dividend as he declared; but we presume there is no ground for distrust on that score.

The Western roads are making better returns in their earnings, and there is an improvement generally in the stock market.

Chicago and Rock Island looks better. It sold up to 104½.

Northwest Preferred is likely to go considerably higher, on the strength of the dividend next month. It sold at 86½, and Common at 71½.

The St. Paul stocks have an encouraging look; the Common sold at 70½, and the Preferred at 83½.

Lake Shore hangs fire at 90½, to the great surprise of some of its friends.

Erie is very dull, and almost a fixture at 28.

Ohio and Mississippi, after a feeble flicker, fell back again to 27½.

Pacific Mail shows more strength, it having sold up to 63 on Monday.

Reading Railroad sold on Monday at 97½, a falling off from Saturday's prices, in spite of the reports of an increased coal traffic. On Tuesday there was a slight reaction, prices declining about 2 per cent.

Southern securities rule very low: Tennessee new bonds selling at 52, the old bonds at 60½; North Carolina new bonds at 38, and the old bonds at 40½.

These are very low prices, it must be confessed; but until Tennessee and North Carolina make some improvement in their political condition their bonds are not likely to rule much higher in the market.

DRY GOODS.

VERY little change has occurred in the general character of the market for domestic fabrics during the past week. The season is drawing to a close; there are but few buyers in town from the South and West; and, though many of our jobbers have recourse to the very unwise expedient of reducing the prices on one or two leading articles, in order to induce purchases, the market has undergone no quotable change. The tendency of prices, however, as is usually the case at the end of an active season, is rather in favor of the purchaser. The ease of money has helped, of course, to give steadiness to prices. But there is still a large near-by trade, which is yet to be supplied before the final close of the season of 1869.

The aggregate business in unbleached shirtings and sheetings for the past week has been small, but prices have been evenly maintained for standard makes, though a few descriptions of the less popular marks have undergone a reduction of half a cent a yard.

Bleached shirtings and sheetings are without material change. Sales are steady, but in limited quantities, and prices remain the same as last week. Probably a large purchaser would meet with a concession to the extent of half a cent a yard; but there are no large purchasers in the market just now. New York Mills sell at 21 cents and Wamsuttas 44 at 20 cents.

The demand for stripes and ticks has shown some improvement; but we do not hear of any large sales, and prices are not so firmly maintained as they have been. But the market is generally steady for the various descriptions of blue cotton fabrics.

There is said to be a rather better demand for denims and cottonades, particularly from the clothing houses, which imparts more firmness to prices. The market is abundantly supplied with goods of this class.

Cambrics and silesias are without any special change; but the latter are beginning to be more inquired for by the manufacturers of clothing. Prices are steady.

Printing-cloths are reported in good demand, and the stock of gray cloths in first hands is represented as unusually small. It is hardly probable that the supply will more than keep up with the demand from the printers. Prices are firm.

There is an active demand for choice styles of prints, and prices are consequently well kept up. The new patterns which manufacturers have put upon the market are well calculated to stimulate purchases.

Ginghams are less active than they have been. A few favorite styles still sell to considerable extent and prices are unchanged. But the season for these goods is nearly over.

Muslin de laines are not in lively request. The sales are about equal to what may be expected at the close of the season. Prices are steady. Pacific Company's de laines sell at twenty cents, Manchester brilliants at twenty-one cents, Pacific plain alpacas at twenty-five cents.

Woolen goods are generally dull and without change of rates.

Blankets and flannels are slow of sale and prices are unchanged.

Fancy cassimeres and satinets of the better qualities and attractive styles sell moderately at steady prices, but there is very little call for the inferior grades.

The large clothing manufacturers are making selections to a moderate extent of cloths and coatings; but the general trade is dull, and the jobbers are anxious to reduce their stocks.

Very little of importance is doing in foreign goods; and that little, except for a few styles of choice goods for city trade, is done at reduced and irregular prices. Importers show great anxiety to get rid of the remnants of their invoices, and jobbers are equally anxious to reduce their stocks. The sales at auction are of the character usual at this time of year. Importations are decreasing, and the general desire is to close out stocks and prepare for the next season.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—We have had a fairly active but much depressed market for State and Western Flour since our last review. The arrivals have been large; and, under the less favorable news from Europe and a further material decline in gold, buyers have had the advantage almost daily, and on the medium and better grades a fearful decline has been submitted to. No. 2 and Superfine have sold well, but at variable and lower prices. All other grades have been pressed on the market at lower figures. The market closes more active, but at still lower prices. Wheat, too, has been in improved request and the demand quite general, but the business of the week has not proved satisfactory. The reduced limits to shippers' orders, a material decline in gold, and large arrivals have at times unsettled the market; though, in view of the light stock here and the limited prospective supplies, we have had quite a brisk speculative inquiry, and under a decline in freights we have had a better export demand, chiefly confined to Amber Winter, of which our receipts mainly consist. The market closes more active and firmer; there is a speculative demand. Corn has been active, has arrived freely, and has fluctuated rapidly. The demand has been chiefly for consumption, but at times we have had a brisk speculative inquiry and violent changes may be noted. The market closes more active but lower.

BROOM CORN.—The demand is fair and the market is steady. Sales of Red and Green at 12@16 cts. Brooms are salable at $3 50@$5 50 per dozen.

COAL.—The demand has been active for cargoes at $8@$9 per ton, and at retail at $9@$10 25 per ton. Foreign is not plenty and is in fair request at full prices.

COFFEE.—Brazils have been only moderately active; but the market retains a strong uniform tone, and full former values are still current. The medium grades continue to be to some extent neglected; but are held with greater confidence, in view of the small offerings of the low and the prime qualities. West India stock strong and buoyant, and stocks very small. Java steady and fairly active. We quote Rio, in bond, at 21¼@21½ cts. for fair to good cargoes; do., duty paid, 13¾@17¾ cts. for invoices; Java, 23½@24 cts.; Maracaibo, 18@21 cts.; and Laguayra, 17@19 cts.—all gold.

COTTON.—All classes of buyers are still rather indifferent operators, and except two or three temporary spurts of activity the market has lacked animation during the past week. Spinners do not find any improvement in the goods trade to warrant purchases beyond immediate necessities, exporters report a want of profitable margins, and speculation in stock on hand may be almost entirely given up. Prices have undergone no violent fluctuations, but have shown a weak, feverish tone. For future delivery the business has continued very good, but at easier rates, and sellers in the majority of cases have appeared most anxious to operate. The supply of cotton on the spot continues comparatively small, but the offerings to arrive are increasing. Advices from the crop are favorable as to quantity, at least, and it is generally thought the quality will prove good. Quite a number of export orders are still being filled at the Southern ports. At the close buyers operate cautiously, and the market is heavy at 25⅝ for Middling Uplands and 25⅜ for Low Middling do.

FLAX.—The demand has been firm and there is more steadiness. Sales of Prime North River Scutched at 18@19 cts., Fair to Good do. at 15@17 cts.; and Prime Pennsylvania, hand dressed, at 17@18 cts., and Fair to Good do. at 13@16 cts.

MOLASSES.—Inferior and Common lots still remain at an almost complete stand, and values are uncertain; refining grades are dull and heavy, and even choice stock shows some weakness, though as yet without actual decline. The general stock is fair and sparingly offered. We quote Cuba Clayed at 45@49 cts.; Cuba Muscovado, 48@58 cts.; Porto Rico, 50@70 cts.; English Island, 45@65 cts.; and old New Orleans, 80@95 cents.

PROVISIONS.—The market for all Hog products has shown a very decided weakness since our last, and many of the leading articles show a material decline. This is mainly the result of the continued light demand from all sources, and considerable pressure to realize from Western packers, who already find stocks accumulating to an uncomfortable extent and no outlet at the rates previously asked. For future delivery there is also a declining tendency, and sellers who before were almost too independent to even listen to bids are now quite anxious to operate. Mess Pork has been very dull, the only demand being for the small lots required from day to day for jobbing use, and prices again dropped off materially. The stock, however, footing up small and being under pretty easy control, owners, by a combined effort, caused a reaction; but at the close the feeling is again weak at $29 50@$30 62½. For future delivery there has been more doing, but at lower rates, and the offerings rather exceeded the demand. Among the sales were Western Mess for this month at $29, buyers' option; Prime Mess (Western with City brand), for December, at $28; and New Western Mess, for January, at $26 75@$27, sellers' option. Old Extra Prime has sold at $24 50 and Western Prime Mess at $23@$25 50. Beef of old packing is jobbing out slowly at about $5@$12 for Plain Mess and $12@$17 50 for Extra Mess, with a little new stock offering, but no price fixed as yet. Tierce Beef of the new crop has sold moderately at $27@$28 for Prime Mess and $30@$31 for India Mess. Beef Hams in light demand, without important variation in values. Old worth $18@$24 and New $35, if cured. Cut Meats are still dull and nominal, owing to want of supplies on the spot in part, though stock is offered, to arrive, on easy terms without finding buyers. Bacon dull, and City Packed difficult to sell above about 16¾ cts. for all cuts. For future delivery the market has favored the buyer, closing somewhat nominal at 13¾ cts. for Cumberland for December, and 13¼@13⅝ cts. for do. for January. Lard has met with very little inquiry, and prices fell off considerably under free offerings of the light stock. The market closes quiet and weak at 16¼@16¾ cts. for No. 1, 17@17¼ cts. for Prime City, 17¾@17⅞ cts. for Western [illegible] cts. for Kettle Rendered. For future delivery sales were made at 16¼ cts. for January, but at the close 16¾ cts. is bid.

SEEDS.—A limited inquiry for Clover Seed at 10@10¾ cts. Timothy Seed is quiet at $3 75@$4 per bushel. Rough Flax Seed is tame at $2 50@$2 55 per bushel. Calcutta Linseed is selling at $2 15@$2 20 per bushel of 52 lbs., gold.

SUGARS.—Buyers have continued to operate with moderation, and seldom in excess of immediate wants; and, though a fair amount of stock changed hands, prices gradually declined on all grades. Of late some operators have claimed to discover a more cheering prospect, but plenty of holders are found offering stock enough to meet current calls. The close is rather flat at 10¾@11¼ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 11⅛@11⅝ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 11⅞ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined dull and lower, and closes weak at 15¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed, and 14⅝ cts. for White "A."

TALLOW.—The market has ruled firm and has been active, though closing quiet. Sales of 3,000,000 lbs. at 10⅝@11 cts. for Country and 11@11¼ cts. for City.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, NOV. 9TH, 1869.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.—Trade has been dull, and with liberal receipts prices have declined, and the market closes heavy.

MILCH COWS have arrived less freely, and with a good demand full prices were obtained.

SHEEP have been irregular in values. Common lots ruled dull and heavy, but good and prime stock are firm and sustained.

SWINE have been irregular in price, closing firm.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra	15¾@16¼	15¾@16
First quality	14¾@15	15 @15½
Second quality	13½@14¼	14 @14¾
Third quality	12 @13½	13 @13¾
Inferior	8 @11	8¾@11¾
Average of all sales sold	13¾	13¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice	$100@120	$100@115
Good	80@ 95	80@ 90
Fair	60@ 75	60@ 75
Inferior and Common	30@ 45	30@ 45

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra and Choice	13½@13¾	13½@14
Good	12 @13	12 @13
Common	10½@11¾	10½@11¾
Inferior	8½@10	8½@10

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice, per lb.	6¼@ 6½	6¼@ 6½
Extra	5¾@ 6	5¾@ 6
Good	5 @ 5½	5 @ 5½
Fair	4 @ 4¾	4 @ 4¾
Common	3½@ 3¾	3½@ 3¾
Extra Lambs	8 @ 8¾	8 @ 8¾
Good	7½@ 8	7½@ 8
Common to Fair	5¾@ 6	5½@ 6

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed	9½@ 10¼	12¾@13

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 9, 1869.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfect than any other newspaper in the city), is worth to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	14½	Lowell	10
Merrimack, D	12½	Wamsutta	9
Cocheco, L	14	Victory	10
Sprague	12½	Wauregan	11
Pacific	13½	Arnold	11½
American	12½	Hamilton	12½
Dunnells	13½	Richmond	12
Allens	13	Gloucester	12
Manchester	13	Mourning	11½
Lancaster	13	Nassau	12
Amoskeag	10¾	Oriental	13

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Hartford	13½
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	12½
Caledonia	14	Glasgow	16

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14½	Proprietors, E	13
Lawrence, O	14	" R	14
" C	12½	" I	14
" G	12	" N	12
" H	11½	" L	10
" L	11	" A	8½
" S	11¼	" C	7½
Pacific, Extra	15	" D	6½
" H	14	Bock, S	14½
" L	14	" A	13
Atlantic, A	15½	" R	11½
" H	14	" D	10
" L	13	Appleton, A	15
" V	13½	Lecount, D	14
Shawmut, O	14	" O	14½
Lewiston, B	14	" B	13
Stark, A	13	" E	13½
Massachusetts	13	Lyman, A	14
" BB	13	" C	13½
Indian Head	13½	" G	12½
"	13½	Utica	14
Exeter, A	14	Tremont, A	13
"	13	Indian Orchard, A	13
Medford	14½	" C	10½
Amazon	14	" G	9½
Clifton	13½	" H	8½
Pittsfield, A	13	Great Falls, H	15
Kennebec	10½	" L	13
Everett, AA	14½	" M	13
Bedford, R	13	" S	11
Pocasset	15	Cabot, A	14½
"	13½	" W	14
" E	13½	Dwinhi, A	14
Newmarket, A	13½	"	13½

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills	24	Ballou & Son	14½
Wamsutta	20	"	13
"	19	Lonsdale	14½
Fuscarora	15	" Cambric	14
Wales	14	Hill	13½
White Rock	17	"	12½
Forestdale	15	Bartlett	14½
Masonville	15	" 36-inch	13½
Blackstone	15	" 31-inch	12½
Hope	13	James St. n Mills	14½
Langdon	14	" 33-inch	13½
" 40-inch	16	" 31-inch	12½
" 36-inch	13	Great Falls, S	12
Waterville	14	"	11
Pemperell	13½	" A	14
"	12½	" Q	14½
"	11½	Red Rank	14
"	10½	"	13
Utica	15	Waltham, X	14½
"	13	" 40-inch	18
"	10	"	16
Scott, R	14	"	14
"	12½	Franklin M'f'g Co	14½
"	11½	Bay Mills	14
Androscoggin	14	Putnam, A	12
Chase	11½	"	11
Dwight, A	13½	Green, G	12
"	12½	Amoskeag, A	14
Reynolds, AA	13	"	12½
Mystic Lake	14		

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	28	Otis Company, CC	21
York	23	" BB	23
Pepperell	21	" AAA	25
Working Man's	21	Warren, Brown	27½
Union	20	Lewiston, Brown	23
Manchester	20	Columbian	29

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	21	Whittenton, A	20
York	18	" BB	17
Canesville	16	" C	15
Anniston	15	Easte	15
Hamilton	23	Thorndike B	21
Everett	13½	Haymaker	18

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	20	Swift River	16
" 28-inch	18	Methuen, A	27½
Amoskeag, A. C. A	24	Hamilton, Reveler	23
" A	23	Willow Brook	27½
" B	21	Exeter	21
" C	18	" A. Extra	20
Conestoga, Gold M'l	25	Hampden, CC	18
" Blue	23	Pearl River	11
" Green	21	Pittsfield	20

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	14	Pepperell	16½
Jaconia	15	Methuen, A	12½
Naumkeag Satteen	17½	Hamilton, Reveler	13½
New Market	12½	Everett	16

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	17	Appleton	17
Pepperell	17	Tremont	17
Laconia	17	Augusta	17
Stark, A	17	Wamsutta	19

DELAINES.

Pacific	20	Lowell	19
Hamilton	21	Pyranese	22
Manchester	20	Arcanese	22

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	30	Palmon Falls, AA	36
Laconi	19	Amo-keag, A	34
Pemberton, C	18¾	Manchester	18½
" A	25	Ellerton, P	21½
Nashua, A	17¾	" O	36

FALL AND WINTER STYLES NOW READY.

HATS, CAPS, FURS, Etc.

Ladies' and Children's Fancy Hats in great variety.

Gents' Hats, Ladies' Fine Furs, etc.

be finest goods and lowest prices in the city.

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